

VOGUE

842



Continental
Edition

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher

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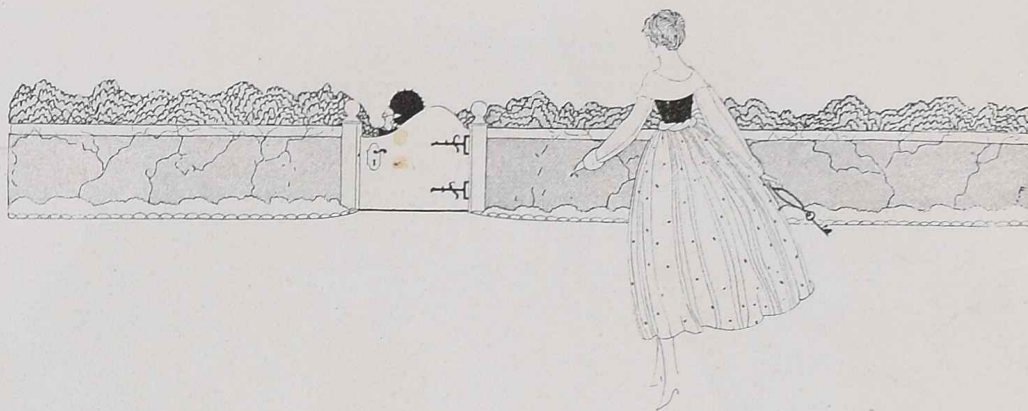


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C'EST la guerre! Vogue is sorry, but it must raise its news-stand price from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents a copy, beginning with this issue. We need not remind you of the increase in the cost of everything. Each bill you pay—each purchase you make—reminds you of the increase in price of everything that man wears or eats or uses. So it has been with us. Everything that a magazine uses—paper, inks, engravings, printing, postage—has gone up. In some cases, this increase is as high as two hundred per cent. Therefore, Vogue has no choice but to raise its news-stand price. The subscription rate for the time being we will not increase. Vogue can still be secured at \$5 a year.

We can not promise, however, to maintain even our present prices for an indefinite period. In addition to mounting costs, the postal zone law—by the way, have you written your congressman requesting his efforts to secure its repeal?—has made magazine publishing at present prices practically impossible. Many magazines have been forced to increase their price.

NOTICE

Beginning with this, the early September issue, the news-stand price of Vogue will be 35 cents

Some, indeed, have been forced to discontinue publication entirely.

Vogue, however, intends to produce for 35 cents a copy a magazine every whit as beautiful, even more practical, and superlatively

fitted to save money for every individual subscriber on her personal wardrobe. Even at the advanced price, we believe Vogue to be an economy—not to say a necessity—for every woman who wishes to be well gowned on a war income.

Another thing. By order of the War Industries Board at Washington, unsold copies of magazines can no longer be returned by the news-dealer to the publishers. News-dealers, therefore, will order only just exactly as many copies as they know they can sell; magazines will print only just exactly as many copies as they know they can distribute. There will be no reserve supply on hand to fill late orders.

Therefore, there is only one way to make perfectly certain of your Autumn Fashion Numbers of Vogue. Place your order with your regular news-dealer now. He will then order it from his branch supply station, which in turn will convey his order to Vogue. We will then print accordingly—and you will not be disappointed by failing to get your Vogue. Don't wait until you forget or mislay this notice. Write a line to the news-dealer now.

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for

Early September 1918



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WHOLE NO. 1101



Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson

MRS. ARTHUR WOODS AND MASTER JOHN PIERPONT WOODS

Mrs. Arthur Woods, who was before her marriage Miss Helen Morgan Hamilton, is the granddaughter of the late John Pierpont Morgan. Her small son, John Pierpont Woods, is the newest member of the Morgan family. Mr. and Mrs. Woods are living in Washington, and Mr. Woods is Lieutenant-Colonel in the Aviation Section, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

A WAR INDUSTRIES BOARD RULING

Under an order of the War Industries Board, issued to conserve news-print paper, unsold copies of Vogue are no longer accepted from news-dealers, who must now adjust their orders to their sales. Readers may avoid disappointment in the regular receipt of Vogue by giving an order to their news-dealer to deliver Vogue at their homes or hold a copy at his stand. When a standing order is given to a news-dealer, he will take the responsibility of regular delivery; otherwise, readers may miss copies, as the demand is large

PELIC/
HABITAT/
AMERIC/

VOGUE



If one deserts one's war activities for even the briefest peek at the pelican in the park, one feels that retribution in the form of a severe peck is likely to follow

THE STRENUOUS LIFE OF OUR YOUNGEST PATRIOTS

Young America Is So Busy Looking After the Affairs of Uncle Sam That It Has Scarcely Time for the Important Business of Growing Up



It's a question which gets more tired—the arm that holds a flag or the arm that holds on to nurse

EVERY day the business of being a child becomes more strenuous. If one lives in New York, the demands of the times are appalling. Once upon a time, if a child attended strictly to such pressing matters as eating his oatmeal, minding his nurse, and getting acquainted with the world, he was supposed to be doing rather well—but not now. Indeed, no!

The squirrels in Central Park are becoming thin; no one has time to feed them. And if one does steal a little while to pay a visit to old Leo, the big father lion of the Zoo, or to watch the little lion cubs play ball, or to marvel at the

size of the baby rhinoceros's mouth as he suns himself beside his pool, resting his chin on the iron railing for all the world like one's pet dog, Ginger, one has the unpleasant feeling of neglecting a duty. One should be out on Fifth Avenue selling thrift stamps, or boutonnieres, or, at least, waving a flag. Should one pause before the pelican's cage, for instance, one feels that retribution in the form of a severe peck may overtake one at any moment. The only boats which are now *de rigueur* on the lake at Seventy-second Street are dreadnoughts and chasers, and in the matter of uniforms even the most severe parents have relented. It is true that usually uniforms are confined to the sanctuary of the nursery, but now and then a pair of nautical trousers or a conspicuously military blouse finds its way to Fifth Avenue. And as for Scotch caps—they are included in the summer wardrobe of almost every little girl.

But to return to the strenuousness of things. Juvenile life, nowadays, is pretty much just one parade after another. When a child goes out for his constitutional, it is a question as to which arm gets more tired, the right one from

waving a flag or the left one from holding on to his nurse. Brass buttons and bands were heretofore confined to the red-letter days when one went to the circus—but when had the Biggest Show on Earth attractions such as are offered by a single stroll upon Fifth Avenue? Drum majors with cockaded hats and gold headed batons are as plentiful as electric light posts, and kilted Highlanders are to be met at every corner.

In the stress of the times the ancient precept that children should be seen and not heard is in imminent danger of being atrophied. As soon as a child has passed the first stage of youth—that stage characterized by an overmastering inclination to eat its clothes and wear its food—it sets out to collect money for the soldiers or the sailors—or something. Little girls are better at this than little boys, and tiny maidens belonging to families with time-honoured traditions that a little girl must be cloistered until the time of her debut, may be seen any time on Fifth Avenue shaking a milk bottle for coins, selling boutonnieres, or expatiating upon the merits of thrift stamps with the *savoir faire* of a professional *vendeuse*. An anxious mother or nursemaid always lurks in the offing, but it is merely in the capacity of a watcher in the wings.

Of course, there are other things that a little girl does, too. She probably knits, for this is a favourite war-time occupation with most little girls. They knit everywhere and, we re-

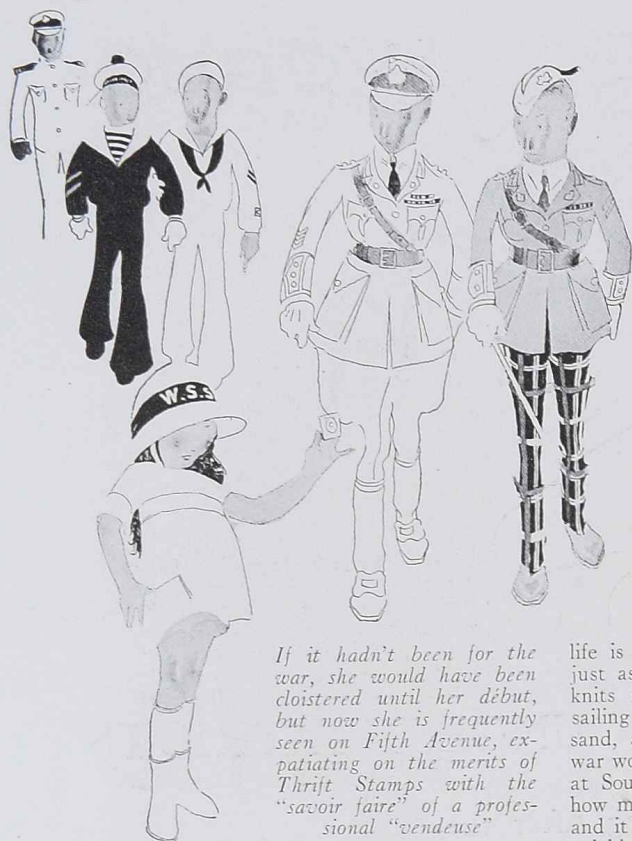
gret to say, everything—for the efforts of the young knitter are seldom confined exclusively to socks and sweaters for the soldiers. She may belong to a sewing club which meets once a week to make things for Belgian babies. She may even, if her parents are very liberal minded, take part in amateur dramatics held in the afternoon at the home of some one she knows or at an exclusive club to which admission may be had only by an invitation which implies the contribution of a liberal donation. Then, too, there is the delightful rôle of patroness which

a little girl or boy is frequently permitted to play. Many and fascinating are the entertainments planned in which children here assist other children who need help because of the war. There was, for instance, a Punch and Judy show in a wonderfully camouflaged shop on Fifth Avenue, where, for a week or more, one might hear shrieks of childish delight at the antics of the mario-



The dog show offered a pleasant respite, as, even for war work, one couldn't be expected to neglect one's dog





If it hadn't been for the war, she would have been cloistered until her debut, but now she is frequently seen on Fifth Avenue, expatiating on the merits of Thrift Stamps with the "savoir faire" of a professional "vendeuse"

nettes. At any time for a week or more a child passing the door of this marionette show might have seen a clown dancing and tumbling—a novelty, indeed, on the smartest thoroughfare of the city. At Christmas time there were wonderful things at the Grand Central Palace, and it was the mode of the moment to have a party about the great tree in the hall. The usual holiday dances and matinées were given this season for charities, and so it was one's duty, as well as one's pleasure, to attend.

Summer brings little respite in juvenile war activities. On the days when one motors into town, there seem to be just as many parades as ever, and there is a delightful new attraction on the Avenue in the form of the very pony one would choose above all others in the world hitched up to a little cart. He trots up and down the asphalt, whinnying to attract attention to the big sign which hangs at the back of the cart telling how one may buy him for a dollar and help the French and American wounded.

In the spring one did manage to get away for the horse shows at Tuxedo and Gedney Farms, but these could not be classified strictly as frivolities for both of them were given for war charities. Besides, it is the plain and simple duty of every little boy and girl to show to an admiring world each year just how much more efficient he or she has become in the manner of handling a stubborn mount. The dog show at Meadow Brook also offered a pleasant respite from town life, for even for war work one could not be expected to neglect one's pet Airedale or bull or West Highland terrier. Even here, however, one was not free from the reminders of war. Aeroplanes circled and whirled over the fields and the club house all afternoon and made so much noise and disturbance as to get on Ginger's nerves and cause him to fail to show his points to advantage and so lose the prize that he so obviously merited.

AN EVENTFUL GYMKHANA

The brightest spot in the whole spring was the Gymkhana held on one of the big estates at Westbury. If one was old enough and sufficiently skilled in horsemanship to take part in the event, it was indeed a doubly glorious

occasion. Not many times in a life can one gallop across a field on one's favourite pony and bite at buns strung from a pole like Hallowe'en apples. And even if one were too small to ride, it was a privilege to see one's erstwhile dignified father racing about in a nightshirt, a lighted cigar in his mouth and a parasol over his head, competing with the heretofore equally dignified relatives of one's friends for a first prize in the feature event of the day. Afterwards there was tea in the gaily awninged tent where one might revel in all sorts of things that children are not ordinarily permitted to eat and where, if one was extremely fortunate or had been conspicuously successful in the events, one might possibly have a huge Anzac help one secure a second helping of chocolate cake or another cup of tea.

PATRIOTISM AT THE BEACHES

Now that the family has left town, life is not much easier. Of course, one knits just as much in the country as in town. One knits in the interim between swimming and sailing and digging in the garden or in the sand, and when a person isn't actually doing war work she is hearing about it. On the beach at Southampton the conversation is always of how many socks or wristlets have been knitted, and it is very disconcerting to learn that one's neighbour has knitted many more than oneself. At Newport it is no better. When a little girl mounts her bicycle to pedal with her governess to Bailey's Beach, she invariably slips her knitting bag over her arm.

Even if she belongs to the still younger set which takes its dip at Hazzard's, still further along the shore, and, being too young to pedal a wheel must go with Mademoiselle in the family car, her knitting is sure to go with her. After she has paddled around a bit and is sitting in the sun while her curls dry, instead of the quaint French chansons which Mademoiselle used to ask her to sing, it is now the Marseillaise that she chants. And before the second stirring "marchons" she has invariably risen to her little bare feet, regardless of brushes and towels and ribbons. And patriotic

Mademoiselle gladly rescues them from the sea breezes. Then, perhaps, old Charley, grizzled and brown and beloved of every child who plays at Hazzard's Beach, comes over and tells Mademoiselle and her small charge of the wonderful things "his boys" are doing over in

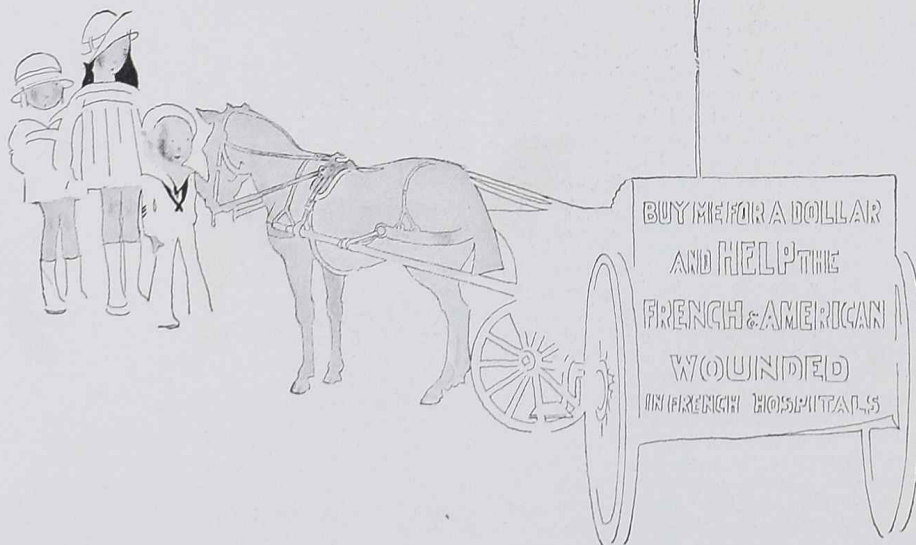
France. For old Charley claims a proprietary fathership to every child who paddles on that stretch of beach and, despite his years, which are many, has the most marvellous faculty for knowing just where they are and what they are doing—a gift at its premium in these stirring times. In fact, Old Charley is a character, well-known and beloved, and as much a part of the scenery at Hazzard's as the sand itself.



On the beach at Southampton or at Newport, one knits in the interim between swimming and digging in the sand, and the conversation is always of socks and wristlets

So it is just war, war, war with the younger generation as well as with their elders, and young America is so busy looking after the affairs of Uncle Sam that it has scarcely time left for the important business of growing up.

The pony one would like above all others trots down the asphalt with a sign at the back of his cart telling how one may buy him for a dollar and help the French and American wounded





(Below) The pupils of Isadora Duncan danced at a benefit for the Italian War Relief Fund given on the estate of Mr. George D. Pratt, at Glen Cove, Long Island. This photograph shows two of them, Erica and Lisa, in one of their loveliest poses

Two photographs by
Arnold Genthe

The rhythm of these three figures and the sunlight and shadow on the fields suggest a mural decoration by Puvis de Chavannes. These are some of the pupils of Elizabeth Duncan's school at Tarrytown



(Left) Surely Pan must have been hidden in that dark thicket by the pool, for the joy of his piping is in every lilting line of this joyous figure



Count J. de Strelecki

"AND SHALL NOT LOVELI-

NESS BE LOVED FOREVER?"

ALL the Duncan pupils were born in Arcadia—this is a fact which is perfectly evident from the serene direct gaze of their untroubled eyes. With the remembrance of this joyous birthright, it makes little difference to them whether they were trained first in Paris and later in America, by Isadora Duncan, or whether they trail their clouds of glory through the wooded hills on the Hudson where Elizabeth Duncan has established the school which she started in Europe. Isadora Duncan is too well known for comment, and the six beautiful girls to whom she has taught her own art have made several very successful appearances this year. Perhaps less well known are the pupils of Miss Elizabeth Duncan's school at Tarrytown. Miss Duncan has built a new programme of education with dancing as the foundation stone, for she feels that dancing, or eurythmics, develops normal physical beauty and at the same time develops the spirit and the mind. Her idea is to put a child in beautiful surroundings and add the imaginative stimulus of music, so that the mind and body will become so free and poised that they will respond naturally to all the loveliness in nature and art. In other words, she educates in the dance for the sake of life, where others have given the dance, itself, the place of first importance.



This summer even Peter the poodle must wear organdie if he is to play in good form. The little girl at the left takes hers with bands of cream coloured filet lace, flesh coloured satin ribbon, and bouquets of tiny pink roses, while Peter's patroness chooses wee tucks, bands of eyelet embroidery inset with medallions, and an organdie sash that will surely blow her away next time there's a wind; models from Miss Manasse

(Below) This simple dress of French blue velveteen was just made to go with grey Navy wool. It's bounded, north, south, east, and west with navy blue grosgrain ribbon, and it slips on over the head with not one single solitary button or hook to dull one's youthful zest for getting dressed; from Anne Harmon



(Below) One wouldn't need to love one's teacher to make skating to school a delight if one wore a loose Norfolk jacket of black velveteen over a black and white checked skirt belted through loose box pleats and secured with a cut steel buckle. The sailor hat has a crown of plaid wool; from Anne Harmon



This lucky young Indian wears a hand-made wigwam dress of greenish Delft blue cotton crêpe with embroidery in coarse white silk thread and white cotton fringe that Minnehaha would have sold her moccasins to possess, any day; from Miss Manasse





Baron de Meyer

Joan considers the autumn from under a black panne velvet bonnet with a peach-tinted ostrich tip to match her peach coloured broadcloth coat, and feels that the charms of summer have been greatly over-rated. The poke shaped outer brim of her coign of vantage is taken care of by a bias banding of velvet, as is also that awkward moment where the inner brim meets the crown

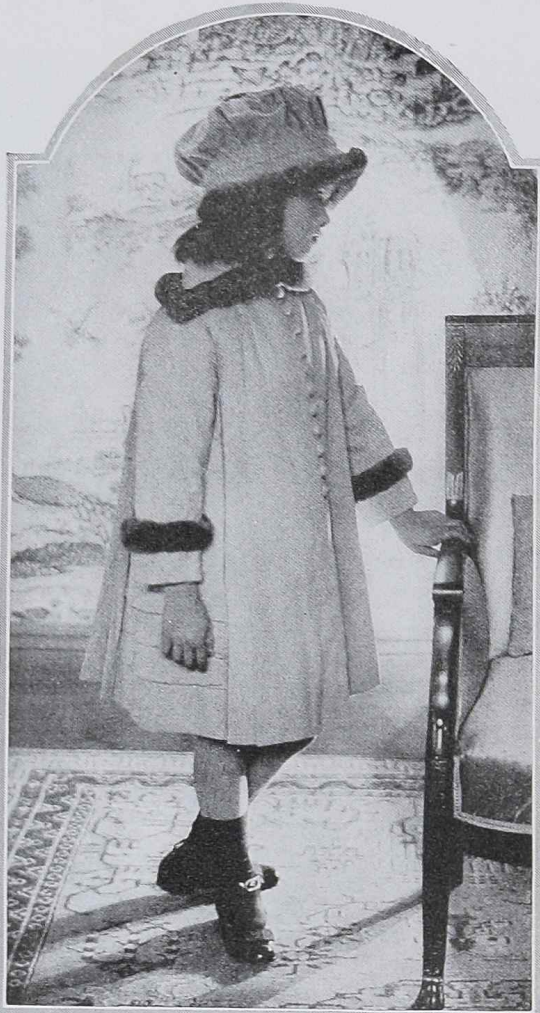
For wear with her school coat, Joan's friend the designer suggests a small grey felt hat faced with dull green angora. A crocheted cord runs gaily from the centre of the crown to the outer edge of the brim and bursts into bloom with fluffy tassels of grey, red, and green. As for Joan's pensive expression, she considers it most appropriate to one entering the multiplication table



HATS FROM DOWNING

SIMPLE, BUT NOT COMMONPLACE,
IS NEW YORK'S VERDICT RE-
GARDING CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

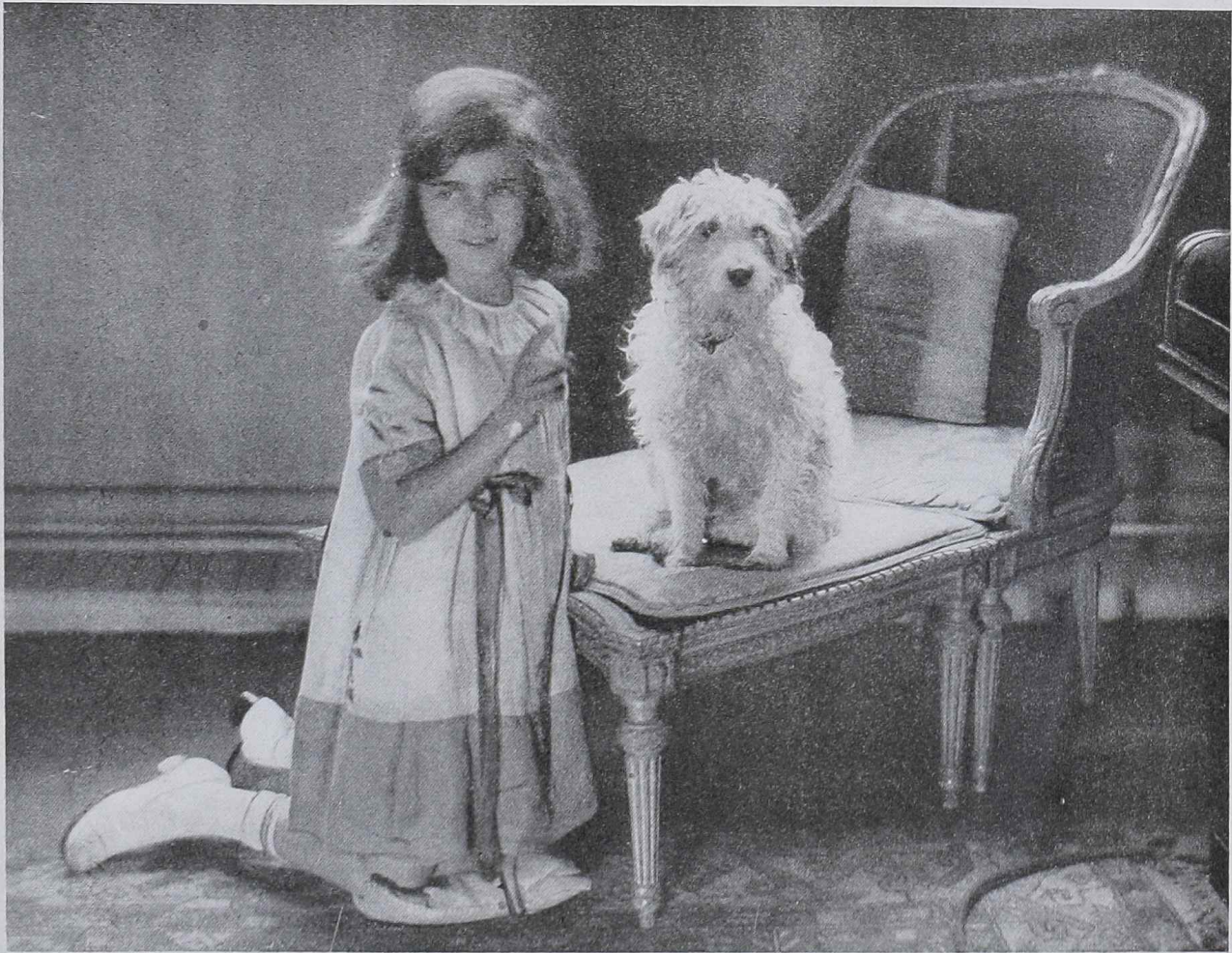
Knowing that one's gown is as trim as one's hair cut tends to tranquilize the feminine mind for the pursuit of scales. This one-piece frock of blue serge has a buttoned-in-back over-jacket belted at the waist, a knife-pleated skirt, and the most appropriate of white linen collar and cuff sets embroidered in eyelets of French blue; from Anne Harmon



Joan is going to a party. The fact is beautifully plain in her peach broadcloth coat trimmed with bands of beaver fur. It is laid in narrow pleats and deep tucks, and with it Joan wears a beaver-edged bonnet of the peach coloured broadcloth with a tam-o-shanter crown.

If only everybody had a dull green homespun coat with a shoulder cape, then everybody would love to go to school. Joan's coat has beaver buttons on the back and sleeves and front. Her green velvet and beaver hat is a descendant of a Scotch bonnet.

Even Dinky knows that Joan is wearing a most bewitching French frock — by the effect it has on her disposition. The frock begins with light blue French linen, but the bottom is dark blue linen and it's embroidered in light and dark shades of blue.



(Below) Isabel is the fortunate inhabitant of this party dress—cream coloured lace over flesh pink silk. The skirt is made of three ruffles of the lace and narrower ruffles outline the square neck and the elbow sleeves. The girdle is of pink silk ribbon, and there are three lovely pink and yellow bouquets on it—two on the sash ends and one right straight in the very middle. You can tell from her expression that Isabel knows she'll never live to sit out a dance



Baron de Meyer

It isn't everybody who can have a fluffy white dog and a frilly yellow frock all at once. If everybody could, there'd be more photographers. Joan's French dress is of corn coloured batiste with pipings of white batiste and flowers embroidered in white. Her sleeves and the bottom of her frock are finished with narrow gathered ruffles of the very newest old-fashionedness



HERE ARE JOAN AND HER LITTLE

FRIENDS IN THEIR FRILLY NEW

CLOTHES FROM THE GRANDE

MAISON DE BLANC, NEW YORK

(Below) Joan's friend Mary wears a corn yellow chambray frock with narrow bands of white linen that make a round-yoked and bell-sleeved effect just as quaint as anything her great-grandmother ever wore to the daguerreotypes. Then along comes a wide black satin ribbon and runs through openings at either side of the long-waisted bodice to tie in the most modern of bows. That Mary's heart is where it should be, you may judge from the presence of the service flag



PARIS FROCKS ITSELF FOR AUTUMN

Late Summer Models and Those for Autumn,
Too, Drip Monkey Fur, and Almost Every Skirt
Shows a New Restraint About the Ankles



PAQUIN

Paris decrees monkey fur whenever and wherever one wouldn't be apt to think of using it. This long blouse of black linon has black monkey fur on the sleeves and around the bottom, and a strip joins the black foulard skirt to the band of white lainage

AT the very time that you are reading this article, the autumn models will be ready and the Americans who have come to France will have seen them. Magnificent materials are being cut and sewed and embroidered, and evening dresses are being made, quite as if the fêtes of pre-war days were to begin again to-morrow. Everything is shown: furs, simple morning dresses, and the most sumptuous costumes. Isn't this a fine achievement on the part of our splendid workers who have never weakened for a moment through all these trying times?

In Paris, every one is going out, dining in town, and receiving friends. At the house of the Comtesse Bonin Songare, the wife of the Italian Ambassador to France, I met some women whose smiling calmness and elegant appearance was most reassuring. The Comtesse de Beaumont, who was all in black, wore a fur pelerine of the style of 1880 over her chemise dress of black tussur embroidered at the neck. The Comtesse de Fitz-Janes, like the Comtesse de Talleyrand, wore a black tailored suit with a straight vest and a handkerchief linen blouse through which could be seen her string of pearls. Mlle. d'Hinnisdal, in a dress of bistre and black tricot, wore a most amusing little gold hat.

My friend, Madeleine, has ordered a pretty

demisaison frock for herself, of filetime, cut as straight as a chemise and with redingote skirts caught up on the hips and flying at every step. The sash of this dress is loosely knotted, and its narrow string-like ends hang down the back and are finished with two pompons. It was made by Jenny, whose taste is always so reliable.

I admired very much the thoroughly individual costume of the young Princesse de Broglie, so slender and charming in her sheath-like dress of dark brown silk, loosely held in by a narrow sash knotted behind. Her stockings and shoes were dark brown, too, but the charm of the whole thing was completed by a little brown hat with a grosgrain band. Blond tulle veiled her hat and was wound about her neck, crossed in front, and passed under her arms to flutter out behind in the wind. The little brown Pekinese who goes to walk with the Princesse adds to this attractive ensemble.

Madame de Saint-Croix was more simply dressed at a tea given by the Marquise de Chabannes; but it was a well-calculated simplicity. Her navy blue cashmere redingote had a narrow satin vest and a shawl collar of white organdie. The large armholes and the edges of the redingote were finished with a narrow binding of black satin, and the sleeves were made of black satin. Madame de Saint-Croix has a very graceful figure, and her little hat was extremely becoming to her childlike type of beauty. It was a shape of lacquered straw with a very narrow brim, worn well down over



de Givenchy

Mlle. Elyane of the Théâtre Michel wears this Dauillet frock of black bure with drawn-work framing the bodice



PAQUIN

Both the black foulard that makes this long coat and its white lainage lining are just excuses for the descent of woman to something quite Darwinesque—a suit as monkeyful as possible, to accord with the very latest whim of the moment in the modes of Paris

her eyes, and it was trimmed with a large black satin bow.

The Princesse de Lucinge appeared recently in something very much out of the ordinary. It was a long cloak of brocaded satin, that pretty material that resembles glittering water. This cloak was all black with a very large collar of monkey fur so arranged that it fell back on the shoulders like the hood of a Breton cloak, leaving the neck free. Never have hats been so becoming, although they are very small. Just now a little shape that is particularly popular is made entirely of flowers and follows the lines of the head exactly. This is very pretty with dark dresses. Madame Gonzalés-Moreno wears one of these toques made of geranium blossoms without any leaves. For a blonde, one of corn-flowers would be charming.

Madame de Jouvenal, née Boas, has been wearing a pretty hat of black satin with the crown and part of the brim of pink rose petals. With this she wears one of those immense capes of black satin which Paquin has been making this summer. One gets a charming impression of the elegance of peace times from her lovely dress of black silk so mysteriously draped that one doesn't know where it begins or ends. The dress is trimmed with monkey fur, in spite of the fact that we are in midsummer.

Monkey fur is the last word in elegance this

season, and even handkerchief linen dresses are trimmed with it. One of these dresses, in black and white, is sketched at the upper left on page 34. Madeleine has a weakness for monkey fur, and has it on some of her batiste dresses this season, with an effect of great elegance and originality.

In the life at the seaside and at watering-places, there are already indications of autumn fashions, especially in coats. The new developments in fur and in heavy cloth will not be fitted to the figure at all. Without being cut with the looseness of capes, they will have a cape-like effect obtained by their narrowness at the feet and their wideness at the shoulders. The long sleeves with big cuffs will serve to hold them more closely to the form than a cape can do, in order to give added warmth in winter. If there are fitted coats they will be only for traveling or for morning walks. Another form seen in these days, is a sleeved coat, cut without seams, but with a sort of burnoose effect in the back, draped across the shoulders like that of an Arab. One I saw was made of diabure called "brique", and it was astonishingly attractive worn over white.

The new clothes give a distinct impression of being restrained again at the ankles, but the



Henri Maruel

Mlle. Suzanne Delvé wears this Worth gown in "Zaza", where its brocaded ruby satin is a foundation for a girdle of rubies and diamonds



WORTH

In this costume worn in "Zaza", Mlle. Delvé illustrates three of the very newest points of fashion—a tapering skirt, a cape-like coat, and a small hat made all of vivid flowers. The frock is of beige velours girdled and caped in silk jersey

Mlle. Delvé wears this violet silk jersey frock with its big collar of violet tulle sewed with purple beads and veiling wide black ribbon and gold and silver lace. The ribbon reappears on the skirt



WORTH

effect of slimness will be modified by tunics, aprons, and jacket-tails, which, falling over narrow skirts, often cut in uneven lengths, will give newness to the silhouette. The effect will not be cropped all the way round, but the scantiness will be tempered by flying tunics. But, in any case, we shall not have a wide silhouette; that is quite dead.

Mademoiselle Suzanne Delvé, of the Théâtre Réjane, has left for Argentina with the Brulé tour, carrying with her a superb collection of gowns from Worth. We are presenting several of them here, with a portrait of the beautiful French interpreter, whose beauty seconds a daring and clever talent in the repertoire of modern rôles in which she excels. In one rôle there is a collarette of violet tulle, weighted with beads, which veils the corsage of a gown of silk jersey in the same shade. This gown is magnificently embroidered in gold, black, and silver. It is sketched in the middle at the bottom of this page. The white gown of the "Demi-Vierges" is almost classic in its severe and graceful simplicity. It is shown at the right on this page. The artist and her dressmaker are certain to have a success in the country where French taste is the standard.



WORTH

In "Les Demi-Vierges" Mlle. Delvé wears this white gown of classic simplicity. Charmeuse makes the underdress, and the rest of the drapery is of Georgette crêpe. White beads are the only earthly weight about its fragile whiteness

The two future statesmen are quite fortuitous; young Eve is the real reason for this picture.— Eve and her old-gold chemise frock in summer velvet with its tie string and girdle of raw silk. She wears a velvet beret to match, brown sandals, and, joy of joys, no socks at all



LA JEUNESSE PARISIENNE AU BOIS



With her striped skirt and blue bodice she wears a blue hat and blue shoes. Her friend wears brown gabardine lined in blue



Séeberger Frères

Never again will she be quite so idyllically clad as in her chemise frock of palest pink toillaine that slips over her care-free head and leaves so much of her adorableness to the sun. Her hat is white, and so are her shoes and her socks, and there isn't a thing to remind her that she'll have to outgrow her big ball

When they wear no hats, they have two black bows to make up for it—one in their hair and one on their blue-collared white linen blouses. Their skirts are linen, and their sandals brown

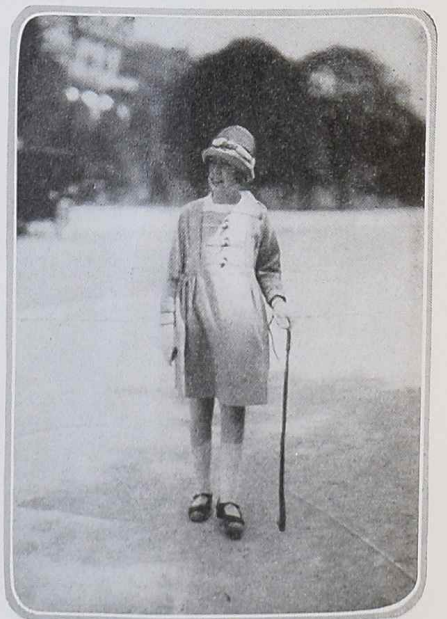
This beige diabure frock is made all in one piece with bias bands and buttons of the material. The Persian cap is of brown straw with a cord of brown and green wool tied round the brim



Mlle. Henriette de Lubersac wears a blue and white linen chemise frock, and Mlle. Marie de Lubersac a gray cashmere



Five photographs from de Givenchy



PARIS IS NEVER TOO YOUNG TO BE CHIC



POIRET

Poiret may dress Cécilie's mother in bizarre colours, but for Cécilie's youthful charms he decrees white taffeta with a white batiste apron embroidered in mauve and purple

I HAVE two charming little friends; one ten years old, the other fourteen. They are sisters, but totally different in character—which makes it more interesting for their mother, since she will have to use such different methods in bringing them up. The matter of dressing them presents somewhat of a problem, especially now when children are allowed to express their own opinions about their clothes. When a little French girl is eight or ten years old, she is asked what her favourite colours are and what type of hat she likes best. In fact, she is never plunged into despair by unbecoming clothes, as we often were when we were children. In this way, individuality has a chance to develop in children. They often show an astonishingly clear logic, and sometimes have excellent and original ideas.

Henriette, my youngest friend, likes bright coloured dresses, close fitting and made so that her arms are free. Green is her favourite colour, she loves jewellery, and flatly refuses to wear her hair long. Marie, her older sister, on the other hand, wants above all things to be pretty. She wears her hair long because she knows it is more becoming that way, and she likes to wear thin fluffy materials. The moss green frock shown below was made for Marie. It is of toile de laine attractively trimmed with bands of red braid. For Henriette is the heavy linen dress with drawn-work and a linen sash loosely knotted at one side, sketched in the lower middle on this page.

Clothes for children and grown people differ only in cut, and, indeed, one can hardly say that any special cut is reserved for children, now that women dress so much like them. The same materials and trimmings are used for both. Jersey cloth dresses for children, like those for grown people, may be trimmed with serge of another shade. The summer velvets make



This isn't a mantel-piece ornament, nor yet a gay paper-doll. It's Suzette in her crêpe frock printed in every colour, with puffed linen trousers striped grey and black



CHÉRUIT

This little girl is tied into her red etamine frock with narrow bias bands of the material that slide through big buttonholes bound in blue



CHÉRUIT

Marie wears moss green toile de laine and red braid, while Henriette chooses white linen with drawn-work and a touch of pink and yellow



JENNY

Coral rose cotton jersey—white corozo buttons—rose silk embroidery at the edge of collar and cuffs—walking is such a pleasure in Paris to-day



LANVIN

"Buracotta" is much like jersey; and a buracotta coat is much like the nicest coat you ever saw, with Roumanian embroidery done in green, red, and yellow



LANVIN

This navy blue wool bird walks down a gold silk jersey field toward a bias streamlet of navy blue serge. His brother sits on a hat of yellow straw and navy blue serge



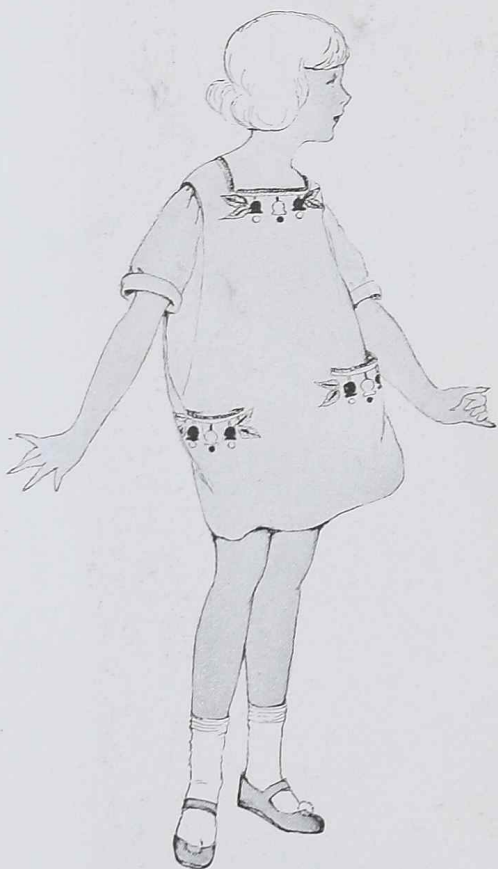
LANVIN

It's well this bubble has a doll to weight it down to earth. It's all white mousseline and tulle flounces with a velvet sash embroidered in gay coloured wool



LANVIN

It would cool any garden to have a white organdie fairy walking in it, with blue silk embroidery on her skirt, a blue taffeta sash, and such a satisfactory parasol



FAIRYLAND

When all those white and old-blue bells begin to ring in the morning, then Josephine gets up and puts on her frock of bright yellow velours de laine

simply don't wear hats. I don't know how this fashion originated, but the fact remains that children from one to ten years old have decided not to wear hats.

Summer coats are made very much like the coats of last winter. The same tartans, the same woollen materials are used, and the coats are made with short waists and rather full skirts. The little Henriettes and Maries will have big collars like ours to pull up around their necks when the summer winds are chilly. The coat from Jenny, shown at the lower right on page 37, is of coral coloured cotton jersey with white coroso buttons and an edging of pink embroidery. It is an especially charming model for summer.

The very littlest children, as soon as they leave off piqués and muslins, wear the most amusing and original clothes. The model sketched at the upper right on page 37 is a striking example; the blouse is of flowered cretonne, the trousers of striped grey and black material, and the hat is black with a pompon and a little bride under the chin.

J. R. F.



FAIRYLAND

No one even of skipping-rope age would feel hurt over wearing a bib of white Georgette crêpe worn over navy blue and white striped taffeta silk

TWO NEW YORK SUMMER BRIDES WERE

MRS. ALBERT LINCOLN HOFFMAN AND

MRS. PHILIP KIP RHINELANDER, BOTH

OF WHOM MARRIED INTO THE ARMY



Marceau

In the chantry of Saint Thomas's Church, New York, Miss Alexander, daughter of Mr. Henry Martyn Alexander, was married to Lieutenant Philip Kip Rhinelander, 107th Infantry, U. S. A., son of Captain Philip Rhinelander. The bride wore a gown of white satin veiled with rose point-lace and a lace veil banded at the sides with clusters of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley. The bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Adelaide Kip Rhinelander, and her two bridesmaids were Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald Adee and Miss Marion Carey Dinsmore. The church was decorated with white peonies and oak leaves

In Saint Katherine's Church, at Wayne, Pennsylvania, Miss Leta L. Sullivan, the daughter of Mr. James F. Sullivan, became the wife of Lieutenant Albert Hoffman, son of Mr. Francis Burrall Hoffman. The bride wore a gown of white satin covered by rare old lace and a veil of tulle and point-lace arranged in cap form. Instead of the conventional bouquet she carried a prayer-book. Miss Frances L. Sullivan, a sister of the bride, is shown in the photograph. The matron of honour was Mrs. Peter Goelet Gerry. Lieutenant Hoffman returned a short time ago from France, where he was on General Pershing's staff. He is now stationed at Washington where he is attached to the office of the Chief of Staff. Lieutenant and Mrs. Hoffman are planning to live at Chevy Chase



Bachrach



As you will, of course, recognize at once, this is a butterfly talking to a tree. The butterfly has three picot-edged pleated frills of flowered voile for a very short skirt and more frills around her neck and her elbows. The front of her is all one panel with tiny buttons on it, and she does up in the middle of the back; frock from Wendy



One feels sure that the little girl who is the heroine of all happy-ending stories must be wise enough to dress just like this little girl. Under her cape she wears a flowered voile frock designed in softly tinted mauves, pinks, greens, and blues. The cape is from Debenhams and Freebody

DIFFERING FROCKS FOR DIFFERING TEMPERAMENTS IS LONDON'S RULING, EVEN WHEN ONE IS VERY, VERY YOUNG



Hugh Cecil

If only she had pantalets and a solemn outlook on life, she'd be her great-grandmother come to life again. Her white organdie frock from Wendy has Cluny lace and underneath an organdie petticoat that makes her look as though she had on fairy hoops. Her sash is lilac, and her hat buttercup yellow



Who wouldn't look like a clove pink in a Georgette crêpe frock with many rows of picot-edged petals? Her waist is encircled by a moire ribbon of Hoppner blue, and her shady mauve hat is bound with blue ribbons. As for that powder box—becoming events cast their shadows before them

THESE SUMMER FROCKS FROM WENDY

MAKE LONDON CHILDREN HAPPY DE-

SPITE THE KAISER AND HIS ZEPPELINS



If one has had a cream Brussels net frock over a wash silk underslip, with a panel of filet lace interrupted with jade green bows down the front and more filet pointing the way to sophistication all around one's nice bare knees—no matter what may happen to one's blocks and hopes in after years, one will have lived

Hugh Ceell

One's greatest wish, of course, is to be tall enough to examine the interesting ibex without any stretch—save that of the imagination. And yet—wouldn't it be tragic to outgrow a frock of French linen batiste in brown and white stripes, bound at neck, waist, pockets, and hem with yellow? Life is so hard for a woman, whichever way one takes it



A frock of green and white striped dimity will look cool and fresh even on one of those very hot summer days when the garden grows almost as fast as little girls do. The dress is shirred in a yoke effect across the back and front, and embroidered in black chain-stitching and French knots. Narrow black moire ribbons are knotted at each side into big V's which hang in long becoming streamers

(Below) A frock and hat of white dimity broadly striped in watermelon pink with a hair-line of white in the middle of the stripe has a bit of black ribbon with long ends a-blowing—a clever accent on the pink and whiteness of the colour scheme. It is accompanied by a rose-streamered poke bonnet

(Below) This is evidently an interview between a military authority and a conscientious objector. The witness in the case is dressed in a frock of white dimity with turquoise blue stripes and a white batiste sash. The white batiste collar and cuffs are brier-stitched in turquoise blue



Alice Boughton



The proper costume for gathering roses while one may is of pink organdie with a fichu and pleatings of white organdie. This is a smaller rose coloured version of the organdie dress on the opposite page



Its doubly nice to send flowers if one sends them by a young person dressed in a white dimity frock with a fine cross-bar in lavender and a fichu of white organdie. The hem is finished in points edged with pleated quilling of white organdie. The leghorn hat is trimmed with black velvet and a bright nosegay—and, of course, there is nothing more becoming to a leghorn than a child's face

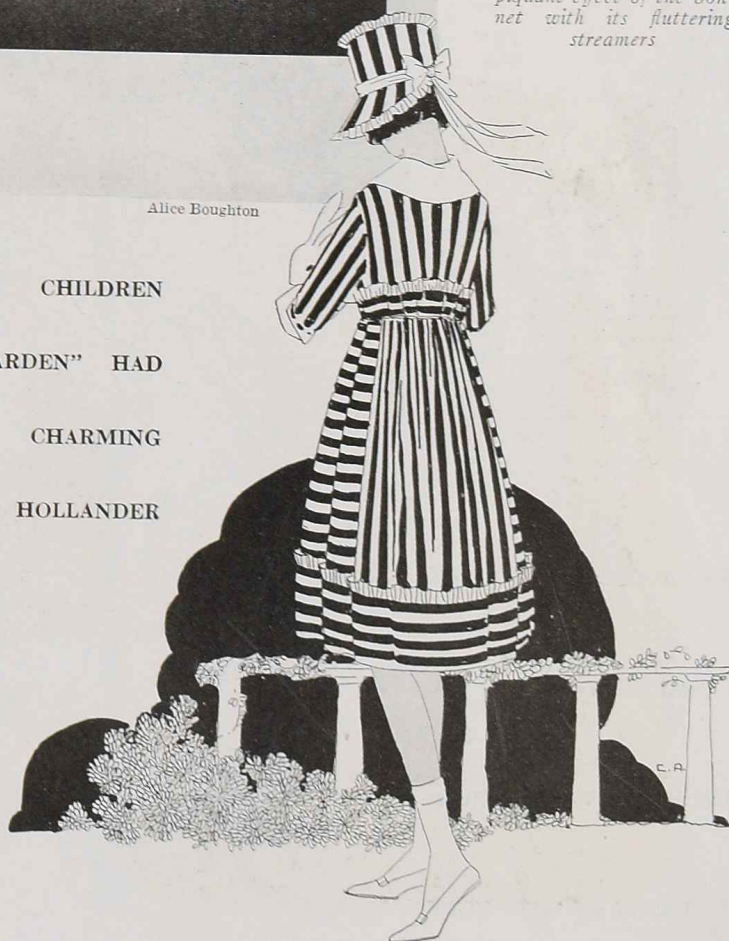


(Below) It was only when the little girl on the opposite page learned that her rabbits might "go on the land", if they didn't care for military service, that she could enjoy her dimity frock with blue stripes and batiste collars and cuffs, and really put her mind on tying her sash properly

(Below) The back of the pink and white costume worn by the little girl on the opposite page who is sitting on a rush-bottomed chair, thinking long, long thoughts in the garden, shows its pleatings of white batiste and the piquant effect of the bonnet with its fluttering streamers

Alice Boughton

NOT EVEN THE CHILDREN
IN "MARIGOLD GARDEN" HAD
FROCKS MORE CHARMING
THAN THESE FROM HOLLANDER





Black velvet is by far the most becoming way of being patriotic, and when it's combined with English eyelet batiste, one would just as soon never dress in wool again. This frock, however, has another point of fascination—nobody can possibly tell how the lady gets into it. The bodice is all snug-fitting pointed pieces of velvet, the front of the skirt is a wide panel, and the back has two uneven flounces, running to longer lines in the front. As for that amusing lace peplum—it's just as effective as those deep desirable cuffs



Even the stern Fuel Administrator wouldn't have the heart to put a prohibition rider on this brand of burgundy. Burgundy charmeuse is responsible for beginning it, but burgundy duvetyn joins forces in the skirt, draped about with a most unreasonable charm, as though tacked to the waist at one side and left quite loose at the other. The V neck is lined with white broadcloth obliging enough to button up or not to, just as the thermometer dictates. The girdle is of charmeuse and it is lined with the burgundy duvetyn



The quaint lady who makes such an effective entrance wears a steel grey satin gown inspired by the Gainsborough school. The severe line of the bodice is softened by a fichu of flesh coloured organdie with an insertion of fine cream lace and with two lovely French roses in dull shades of pink and orchid at one side. The elbow sleeves have most intriguing cuffs of organdie and lace—which is undoubtedly why the lady stands so long in the doorway

THREE FROCKS DESIGNED BY

MRS. RALSTON SPELL AU-

TUMN AS IT WILL APPEAR

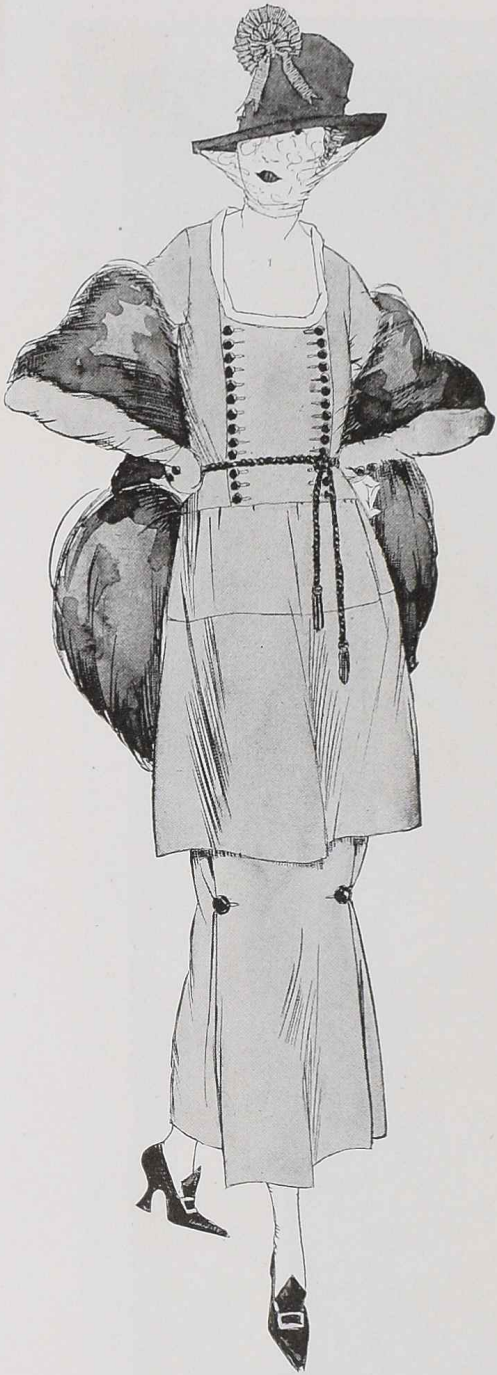
THIS SEASON IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK IS PLAYING WITH THE NEW BELL SKIRT SHOWN HERE;

IT RINGS A FRESH NOTE AND A FASCINATING ONE, CERTAINLY—

BUT DOES IT STRIKE THE INEVITABLE HOUR, OR DOESN'T IT?

DESIGNS BY JANE BLANEY



This midnight blue French serge gown insists that we consider first its fascinating skirt with the two jet buttons to focus attention on the centre of interest. This, if you please, is a bell skirt, narrower below the knees than it is above. It not only conserves wool, but it entitles its wearer to realize herself as the very latest and slimmest signpost on the road to smartness. The waist, on slightly basque lines, shows a double row of jet buttons interrupted by a girdle of oblong jet beads, finished with jet tassels. The collar is a wisp of grey chiffon outlining the square neck.

This little lady with the Gothic pine tree in her big hat sits and considers her three-tiered bell skirt of very dark brown velours. She likes it so well that she's quite satisfied to have more of the velours made up into deep cuffs with a flare copied from her skirt. The upper section of the effective collarless frock is of black matelassé with a girdle of dark brown grosgrain ribbon and buttons of brown bone. Her friend at the right has chosen dark brown velvet for a third version of the seductive bell skirt which is still further confined with two business-like little tabs just below the knee. Realizing that the richness of the material relieves her of the necessity of trimming it, the designer has given the blouse nothing but the subtle lines of the Directoire and a sturdy row of brown bone buttons like those on the tabs.





Baron de Meyer

This suit of black velvet with a high standing collar and deep cuffs of lynx has a secret up its sleeve, or, to be more accurate, inside its coat. We are given a hint of it in the gold lining of the wide velvet panel which is thrown back over the shoulder and hangs down the back in rich and splendid contrast to the black velvet. The truth is that the blouse and the part of the skirt which is hidden by the coat are of cloth of gold. The blouse is rather décolleté and the effect of the whole costume is very elaborate and beautiful. A black velvet hat, loosely draped and trimmed, is worn with this suit

This navy blue tricotine over-jacket started from a Spanish bolero and ended by winding twice around the waist and fastening under a long tassel of the dull coloured embroidery silks used on the jacket. The gilet is of fine white net and embroidered batiste. The skirt of the dress is made with under panels of black satin and over panels of navy blue tricotine

A New Designer Has Been Added

to New York's List; at Gayne House

Baron de Meyer Has Created a Charming Collection of Models for Autumn

A Russian blouse of café au lait net is especially designed to wear with the Russian suit shown below, for a western blouse and an eastern costume are proverbially incompatible. The front and back panels are lavishly embroidered with café au lait soutache braid and finished along the ends with a fringe of crocheted balls

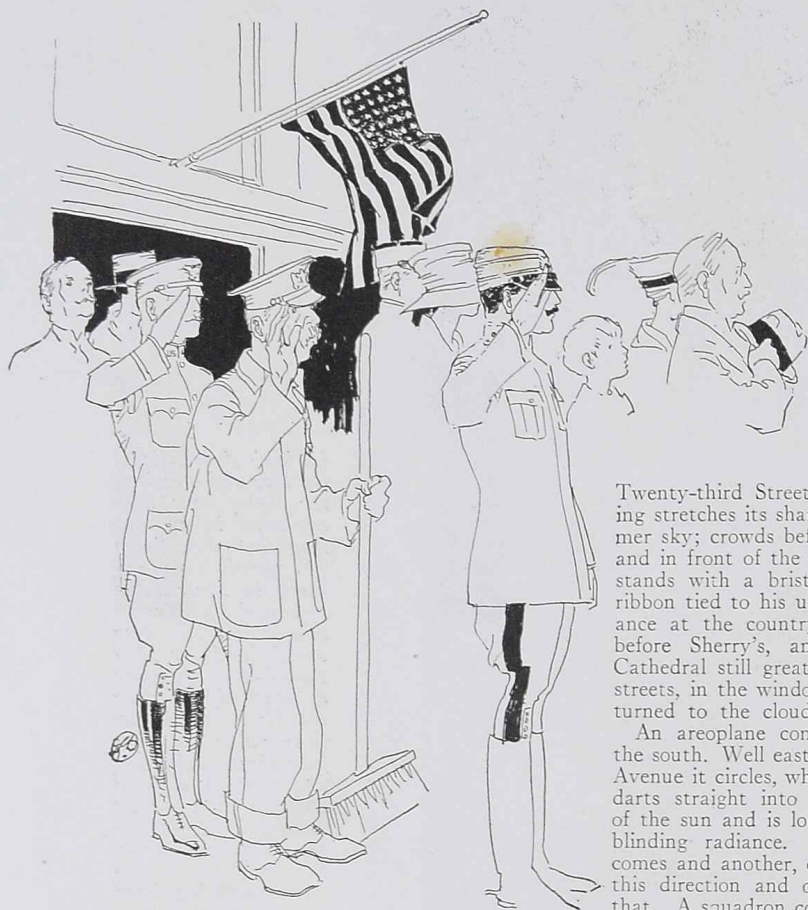


(Below) A Cossack coat of fawn coloured broadcloth is trimmed with kolinsky and embroidered in navy blue silk in the sort of design which we associate with revolutions and samovars and other Russian industries. The skirt of navy blue satin is draped towards the front which gives it a narrow effect at the bottom. This new combination of a light cloth coat and a satin skirt is most attractive. The Russian toque is of black velvet with a tassel of black grosgrain ribbon at one side

(Below) A draught of the blue and a digit of the moon have been combined in an evening coat of platinum grey velvet embroidered in silver braid and lined with French blue satin. The deep shawl collar and turned-back cuffs are of black lynx. The coat is very unusual in cut; a draped panel from the shoulder runs under the left arm and up again to the right shoulder where it fastens and hangs down the back in a deep panel which is finished at the bottom with silver braid and tassels of silver thread



WAR INTERESTS ABSORB NEW YORK



The city to which he had given so much, stood at attention while the body of John Purroy Mitchel, ex-mayor and gallant soldier, passed down the Avenue

SUNSHINE upon Fifth Avenue—brilliant, radiant, blinding sunshine. Sunshine flashing in at the windows of the clubs and dwellings; sunshine streaming down upon the glittering asphalt; sunshine glancing off the golden balls which tip the ends of the flags floating at half mast from every cornice; sunshine lighting up the shields and buttons of the busy policemen and pouring down into the upturned faces of the crowd. And crowds—such crowds. Crowds at Washington Square, crowds at

Twenty-third Street where the Flatiron Building stretches its sharp wedge high into the summer sky; crowds before the Union League Club and in front of the library where the grey tank stands with a bristling black cat atop, a red ribbon tied to his upstanding tail, spitting defiance at the country's enemies. More crowds before Sherry's, and up by Saint Patrick's Cathedral still greater crowds. Crowds on the streets, in the windows, on the roofs—faces upturned to the cloudless sky.

An aeroplane comes from the south. Well east of Fifth Avenue it circles, wheels, and darts straight into the face of the sun and is lost in the blinding radiance. Another comes and another, one from this direction and one from that. A squadron comes flying in perfect formation. It sweeps so low that to the crowds in the street it seems as though the crowds on the roofs had but to stretch out their hands to brush it. It flies so high that the harsh beating of the engine is lost and the planes appear strangely like the shadowy blue birds that the Japanese love to paint upon a broad expanse of sky. Every now and then something floats down from these circling planes, a dark spot in the sunshine which turns into a

Under a Squadron of Aeroplanes,

Solemn Crowds Watch an Impres-

sive Funeral Procession, and Gayer

Ones Attend an Aviation Fête

flower, blue or rose or mauve, a bit of colour on the asphalt. Now and then some one in the crowd gathers up a blossom or a petal.

Away down the Avenue sounds a muffled drum. A little body of mounted blue-coats appears. In the long line of men who were to pass, only a handful were mounted; the others trod on foot; trod slowly the long way from City Hall to the tall spired cathedral. Next come rank upon rank of khaki-clad soldiers, muskets reversed and bronzed faces stern under their brimmed hats. Now and then a band plays a solemn march, and once the shrill voice of a flute raised in the familiar "Adeste Fideles" echoes along the Avenue. But for the most part the silence is broken only by the whirr of the motors in the air and the rhythmic beat of feet upon the asphalt.

As the first companies reach the cathedral, they line up on the west curb, and others line up beside them until a long khaki-clad line stretches out of sight far down the Avenue. In front of Sherry's stands the Ninth Coast Artillery, smart, trim, and soldierly, its colours floating in the breeze. Across the street is the usual crowd, visiting soldiers, civilians,



A friendly policeman rescued a little boy from the crowd

(Continued on page 85)



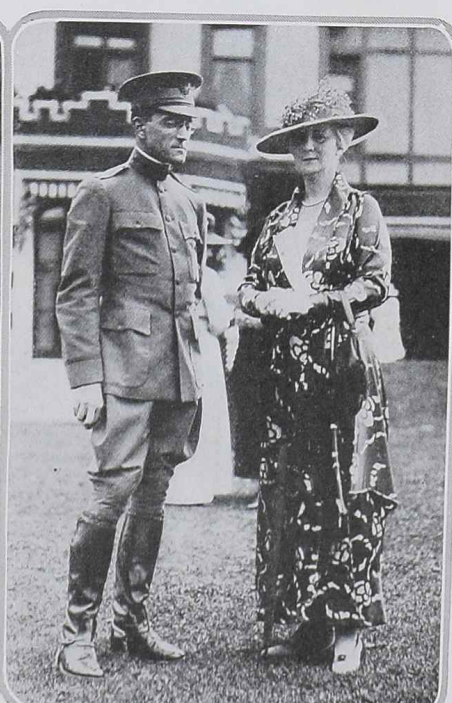
Edwin Levick

A Scotch terrier accompanied Mrs. Sidney Fish, who wore a frock of sheer white organdie, and Miss Leonie Burrill, at the Aviation Fête



Bain News Service

Mrs. William Erhart, wearing soft, embroidered white crêpe, is photographed with Mrs. Harry La Montagne and Mrs. Harry Duryea



Brown Brothers

Mrs. Herbert Harriman, in blue and white foulard, is shown with Captain Herbert Lawrence in front of the home of Mr. Schiff

"Souvenir d'Antan," the designer names this tempestuous black velvet hat that flares straight up at the back and has a secretive mushroom brim in front. Any past would be well worth remembering that possessed such sweeps of black paradise—from the back over one side, from the side across the front. One might need a good deal of present, of course, to wear it; but certainly it would assure one's future



(Middle) "La Dernière Rose" blooms below on a shape of lovely lissom lines—black velvet faced with pale tan Georgette crêpe. The rose itself, a particularly French last rose of summer in flesh pink, cuddles into a band of sable fur that keeps the velvet crown warm around the top when one takes it to the restaurant or the theatre for "informal formal" wear on one of those chilly evenings in the autumn

HATS FROM WANAMAKER



Nobody objects to a military lady if her milliner provides the feminine fashion called "La Lorraine," of brown hatter's plush, wide and straight at the sides, but turned up sharply in front and back, with a single rakish hatpin of smoked amber. The lady is seen taking cover behind the folds of a small neckpiece of brown sable



"Frimas" is the name of this little white felt beret, so simple, so untrimmed, and so like the winter fog, its namesake, in its elusive outline. Its main message, however, is to the effect that this will be a felt season—and who can blame it if this is to be the effect? The scarf of grey squirrel is a delightfully ingénue affair



(Right) Midnight blue velvet makes a turban with a narrow brim formed by a roll of the velvet; black lace makes a heaven-kissing bow on the front; the combination makes one of the smartest hats for early autumn wear. The designer calls it "Envolée," but we're glad it really didn't fly away until we'd sketched it

SUCH HATS AND FURS WILL FRAME

ONE'S TOWN EXPRESSION WHEN

THE DAYLIGHT - SAVING CLOCK

GOES BACKWARD IN THE AUTUMN



Marion and Mary had two mothers with two single thoughts—black velveteen and white batiste. Mary's mother very sensibly considered that Mary, having all those curls, could get on with a straight narrow frock and a baby-necked guimpe

Short-haired Marion's fond parent gave her, oh such a collar,—tucks and pleated ruffles 'way down to the bottom of her belt and beyond, and at the back, the very newest and biggest black velvet bow you ever sat on in all your life

OF THESE SIX WAYS TO MAKE

CHILDHOOD HAPPY, FOUR ARE MADE

OF VELVET AND ONE IS OF DUVETYN

BUT THE BEST OF THEM ALL, AND

BY FAR THE SIMPLEST IS JUST

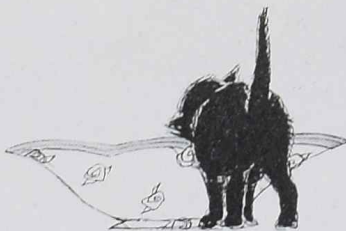
PLAIN EVERY DAY BLACK CAT



The most sentimental of autumn setting suns would be jealous of this sleeveless frock of crushed raspberry velveteen with its black patent leather belt. The waist is in jacket effect with a simple gathered skirt and an under-blouse of white batiste embroidered in bright red cotton



There is a time in the affairs of woman when she's sure to wish she were a boy. To comfort her, here's a glorified Eton suit—jacket in bottle green duvetyn, ball-buttoned and with two really truly pockets; skirt of dark green marked in grey and blue; organdie ruffles, worn to please one's mother



This youngest Eve may be meditating on the way of a cat with the cream, but it's more than likely she's considering the café au lait frills on her marquise blouse. Her skirt is of cinnamon brown velveteen, and the fastened-in-the-back velveteen belt and suspenders show it's a one-piece frock



THE RED CROSS AND OUR LITTLEST ALLIES

The Pitiful Story of
Thousands of French
Children and the Help
That the American Red
Cross Is Giving Them

WE were motoring along the shore, and the Traveller was telling of his recent trip to France.

"It was that darkest hour that comes before the dawn," he said, "and to my friend the mud-soaked road that led to the trenches seemed the dreariest spot in all the world. Shells coming over the trenches and falling behind the lines struck around him occasionally and wrought fresh havoc in the land ahead, stripped of flowers and trees and human habitation. Sometimes he stumbled on the body of a soldier lately killed. And then, in the midst of all the gruesomeness, he heard the sound that he was least expecting—the sound of a child crying."

"Excuse me just a moment," said our hostess, "but you must look at this beach. It's what keeps us here in the summer. You see, however hot the day, we can always send little Betty and her nurse with the pony and phaeton to drive back and forth by the water's edge. It's always cool there, and Betty loves it. And she comes back for her nap as fresh as a little flower. But do go on with your story."

"Well," said the Traveller, "of course, the soldier turned aside to investigate. He felt his way across the field and found the owner of the voice, a child of four or thereabouts—just about Betty's age—with a thin little face burned by gas and a thin little body wasted by hunger. And there was another child, the youngster said, one smaller still, waiting under ground in the cellar where they had lived since the terrible Boche burned down their house, and where they had almost starved since two nights ago when their mother had crept out, as she often did, to find a little grain or a few potatoes. But this time she hadn't come back—"

A FRIEND TO CHILDREN

"What did the soldier do? Oh, he carried them farther back behind the lines and gave them into the care of the American Red Cross. Later they were sent to one of the many refuges for children. And that same day another soldier found the mother lying dead near the road. The sheaf of wheat that was bound to her head by a strap was so large that when she fell, caught by a sniper's bullet, the grain hid her from view and no one had seen her. They had been living in that cellar for months, and, of course, they are only one out of hundreds of similar cases."

And the children were only two out of hundreds of thousands. Perhaps they were luckier than many. They had never been child prisoners in Germany; the Huns had not found their hiding-place to mutilate them; and they had escaped the tuberculosis that hardship and exposure has brought to so many



Hass

These youthful Red Cross members are working hard for our littlest allies, told about on this page. They are, reading from left to right, Olivia Sterner, Gertrude DeLancy Watts, Frances Colby, Virginia Post Brown, Hope Winchester, Louise Iselin, Elaine McAlpin, Curgie Winchester, (second row), Margaret Lee Haggin, Margaret Ives Cobb, Charlotte Post Brown, Countess Alexandrine, Helene Edmonds, and (seated on the floor), Margaret Dodd and Elizabeth Fleming



He brought a cold lunch to school in his basket, but it doesn't seem to have spoiled his appetite for the hot soup which the American Red Cross doctor has declared necessary to make him grow into a sturdy French soldier

thousands of other children. But just suppose their fate had come to our little Bettys—

The story of the Children's Crusade is no more pitiful than is the story of the childhood of France of to-day. For four long years there has been little laughter or play or happiness for them—though surely laughter and play and happiness are but the rights of childhood. Thousands of little children have no memories but those of hunger and suffering and horror, and many have been permanently injured by the hardships they have undergone. And their future holds no home or family to shelter them. Whatever happiness they find must come from strangers, and much of it from Americans.

THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU AND ITS WORK

Of all the war relief work, that of the American Red Cross for the children of France and Belgium seems the most merciful, for surely the suffering of little children is the most unjust and tragic. There are many branches of this work, including refuges, hospitals, dispensaries, milk centres, and, in Paris, the distribution of food to nearly six thousand children daily. A Children's Bureau was established in August, 1917, under the direction of Dr. William Palmer Lucas of Berkeley, California, who is in charge of all the work of the American Red Cross for children in France. In Paris this work is under the direction of Dr. John B. Manning, of Seattle. The first work of the Bureau was to provide shelter for refugee children in the Department of Meurthe-et-

(Continued on page 80)

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE CHILDREN OF WELL-KNOWN

AMERICANS PROVE THAT, IN SPITE OF MR. HOOVER'S

REGULATIONS, BOTH LITTLE BOYS AND LITTLE GIRLS ARE

MADE OF SUGAR AND SPICE AND ALL THINGS NICE



Helen McCaul and
Elizabeth Dickson

Little Miss Beatrice Iselin, the daughter of Mr. Oliver Iselin, of Westbury, Long Island, is not too young to have done her bit in the war. She has sent her own father overseas, as an ensign in the United States Navy



Harris and Ewing

(Below) If little Miss Lilla Fisk, the youngest daughter of Mr. Charles W. Fisk, is seeing herself in that mysterious bowl, she is seeing a vivid little person with red hair and black eyes

Eleanor McAdoo, the daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury and the granddaughter of President Wilson, is just one more of the many things for President Wilson to be proud of



Charlotte Fairchild

The three children of Mr. A. J. Drexel Paul are giving flatteringly close attention to the photographer's propaganda, although the youngest one looks just a bit skeptical



(Below) Stephen Elkins, to whom a very satisfactory proposition evidently has just been made, is the son of Mr. Blaine Elkins of Washington

Helen McCaul and Elizabeth Dickson

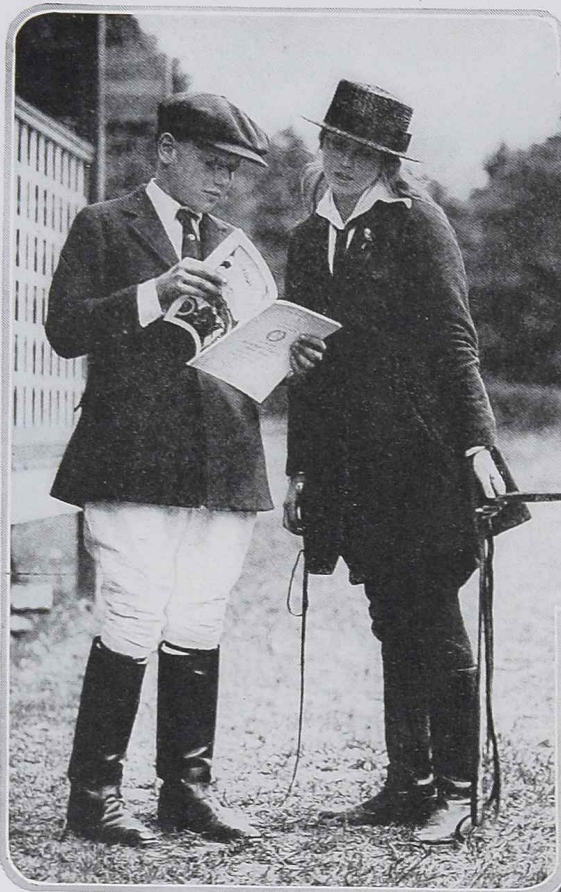
(Below) William Phillips is the son of the first Assistant Secretary of State and a loyal little American, all ready to protect his country



Harris and Ewing



Harris and Ewing



© Paul Thompson

Borden Harriman, son of Mr. Oliver Harriman, is here shown talking with Miss Evelyn McManus, of Rye, at the Westchester County Horse Show. Borden Harriman is spending the summer at White Plains at the Harriman home, "Ridgeleigh House"



© Underwood & Underwood

(Above) Miss Fanny and Miss Barbara Wickes are the daughters of Mr. Forsyth Wickes, and for several years they have ridden at the Tuxedo Horse Show where this snapshot was taken on June 8 last, when Miss Fanny's saddle pony, "Pequot," won again



Miss Katherine Tod is the daughter of Mr. Robert E. Tod who is a member of the Riding Club where little Miss Tod stables her English mare, Ruby, who has won prizes at the Olympia, England, and in this country at the Garden and Riding Club. The snapshot was taken at the entrance of Central Park

The photograph below shows Miss Virginia Post Brown, at the left, and Miss Charlotte Post Brown riding in Central Park with the instructor. Their father, Mr. Donald Brown, is in Paris working for the Red Cross while they are spending the summer months with their mother in Santa Barbara, California



Stanger

HERE ARE NEW YORK

CHILDREN WHOSE

INTERESTS CENTRE

IN HORSE SHOWS

HAVING RIDDEN SINCE

THEY COULD WALK,

THEY ARE ALL ENTHU-

SIASIS ABOUT HORSES

MILKMAIDS WHO NEED A TON OF MILK A DAY

With Your Dimes and Dollars
The Committee for Free Milk
For France Will Send Real
Milk to Hungry Babies and
Wounded Soldiers in France

"WHERE are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a' milking, sir," she said," isn't just a quotation,—it's a bit of real conversation that might be heard almost any afternoon, in the vicinity of number 675 Fifth Avenue, New York, where a big shining milk can stands guard at the side of an inviting doorway under a sign that reads, "Free Milk for France." But these milkmaids of Fifth Avenue have a far more difficult task than the sun-bonneted maidens of rural districts whose whole duty it is to obtain a pail of foamy milk by the simple and direct method of approaching the cow for the whole contribution. The New York milkmaids are trying to obtain a whole ton of milk a day, and they are asking the public to pay for it. It may seem like a good deal to ask, on top of Liberty Loans and War Savings Stamps and Red Cross Drives, but if one stops to think, it becomes very little. For France is facing a milk famine, and to-day "the cup of cold water" has become a cup of milk for France.

Did you ever stop to think what it would mean if, suddenly, there wasn't any milk to be had? Perhaps it wouldn't matter, just at first, to you, individually, if you don't happen to like milk. Of course, there wouldn't be any cream sauces, or creamy soups, and cakes and pies and any num-

We doubt if any one was able to resist Master Borden Harriman, the son of Mr. Oliver Harriman, when he asked for contributions to buy milk for French babies and soldiers



Mrs. Alvin Untermeyer and Miss Josephine Osborn, ardent milkmaids, are shown with their police dogs who are also doing their bit for the Allies



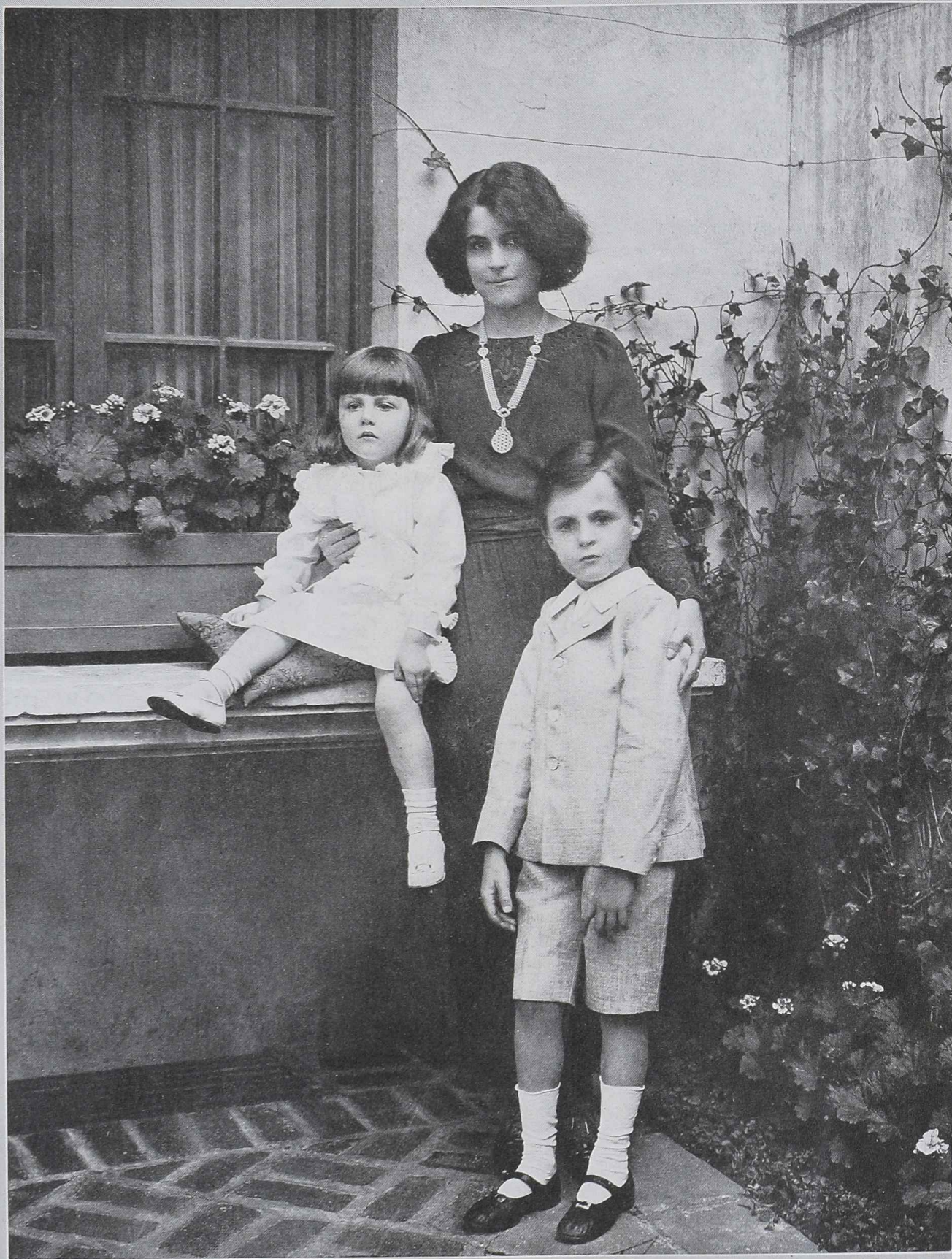
Paul Thompson

ber of other things wouldn't be half as good. However, probably you could get along. But suppose, after a while, some one you cared about was very ill and the doctor ordered milk to save him. Suppose the doctor whispered that dreaded word, tuberculosis. And suppose your baby—only by that time, of course, there wouldn't be any babies.

It's just such emergencies that France is facing to-day in wholesale numbers. Never before have there been so many sickly little children weakened by lack of nourishment until only milk can make them strong again. Never before has tuberculosis raged in so many homes and hospitals. Never before have there been so many wounded men in need of milk to help them to recover. Tiny babies are being fed soups and stewed vegetables or, at best, thin diluted milk. Wounded soldiers, American as well as French and English, are being carried bleeding from the battle and given heavy soups when a little milk might save them. And, in the hospitals, there are those men we dread to think about, men whose whole jaws have been blown away, men with throats burned by gas, men waiting for

(Continued on page 87)

These very young milkmaids are, from left to right, Esther Mathewes, Ethel Lawton, Barbara Brokaw, Marion Gould, Alice Beadleston, Grace Hays, Marion Brokaw, and Helen McGarrah



Rochlitz

MRS. LEONARD M. THOMAS

Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas was before her marriage Miss Blanche Oelrichs, the daughter of Mrs. Charles Oelrichs. Mrs. Thomas has just completed the decorating and remodeling of one of the most individualized and striking houses in New York. Everywhere in the house are evidences of her great taste as a decorator. She is probably best known to the public as the author of a volume of poems and as the contributor of free verse to a variety of American magazines. All of her poems are written under the nom de guerre of Michael Strange. Her husband is at present in France, serving as lieutenant in the United States Expeditionary Force. Mrs. Thomas has been spending the summer at Easthampton, Long Island. She is shown here with her two children, Robin and Leonard, junior.

ELSIE JANIS, WHOSE MIDDLE NAME IS U. S. A.

In olden times it took a maid all dressed in armor bright
To rally fighting men in France and put pep in the fight.

She rode a horse and flashed a sword, and all that sort of thing,

To brace a groggy nation that was reeling in the ring.

She put it over properly, and still we sing her praise—

But that was just old-fashioned war, the brand of yesterdays.

We're fighting bigger battles now, we've got a tougher job;

A man can't be a slacker, and he mustn't be a slob.

We haven't any Joan, and we wouldn't let one stay

In trenches where the boys hold the fighting line to-day.

She couldn't ride her gee-gee through the wire in No Man's Land—

No; we have to have a "shero" of distinctly modern brand.

So, we've got our Elsie Janis from the good old U. S. A.,

Who's come across the sea to root for fighting men to-day.

She brings the Yankee spirit and she brings the Yankee grit,

And a chap who's ever seen her won't neglect to do his bit.

She comes with joy and laughter and she spreads the sort of stuff

That puts the mustard in us while we nail the Kaiser's bluff.

She comes with jazz and joking and a big Hip! Hip! Hooray!

Here's to you, Elsie Janis, of the good old U. S. A.

Here's to you, Elsie Janis, here's a double health to you;

We'll say when we have finished up: "You helped us put it through."

PRIVATE ANDREW ARMSTRONG.

O. C. E.—A. E. F.

MOTION picture favourites are in the habit of numbering their "audiences" by a hundred thousand, but there are very few public personages who have a record of entertaining four hundred thousand admirers by actual appearances, crowded into a few months, and of the possible few there is only one who has done so on foreign soil, before a public composed entirely of members of the A. E. F. This record is held by Elsie Janis, entertainer extraordinary, who deserted her American public and her equally devoted English one, to make a tour of the American camps in France under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., but at her own expense. Early in June, she had already given over one hundred and twenty-five performances and was still "going strong."

Writing home from Bordeaux about her experiences, her mother, who is her faithful companion on the trip, says:



(From left to right) Mrs. Vincent Astor, Elsie Janis, Mrs. Henry Porter Russell (Ethel Harriman) on the Astor yacht. Miss Janis's mother is standing just back of her



Elsie Janis, who has deserted her devoted public for the soldiers in France, is shown on her way to some camp to give the boys a good time

"We have started on our fourth tour of the camps. The Y. M. C. A. has four hundred huts in Paris and other parts of France and another lot in England, so you can see that our work is really the 'long, long trail.' Elsie will not play in London or Paris because she does not want to give up this work. She brings sunshine into the lives of all these men, and I know of no better service that she could render. . . . The French on all sides bow and salute us; even the children stand at attention when we go by. . . . Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Henry Porter Russell (Ethel Harriman) met us at the train and we are staying with them here. . . . We will have done ten performances here, in and around Bordeaux. Yesterday we had a trip of three hours in the pouring rain. As we were going along at a rapid rate, we saw some English and Canadians in a big lumber camp, wet, muddy, and miserable enough. We stopped and found that they had had no entertainment for six months, and that they were just sawing wood. . . . We arrived in a fearful storm at the camp where our boys were living in tents with wooden floors. In the public square of this little old place Elsie entertained some two thousand of our men. On our way back we stopped at nine-thirty at the lumbermen's camp and gave them a good entertainment. We gave three yesterday, two to the English and one to our flying corps. In a few minutes we shall be off to do two more. At one place, Elsie reviewed a large number of our boys with the Colonel, and afterwards, at mess, they crowded around her, seeming to feel that when she sat down at their table, she had become one of them."

THREE UNIQUE TRIBUTES

All sorts of tributes have been paid to Miss Janis for her intrepid service. At one place she was allowed to fire two 155 shells into Germany. The next day a new drive was started, and the boys assured her that the Boches had decided to get her and put an end to her activities if it took their whole army. The captain of a battery in the Coast Artillery wrote her with pride that they had named one of their big guns after her and the other for Betsey Ross.

(Continued on page 87)



Elsie Janis singing for the soldiers, this time accompanied by the band of a coloured regiment

Florenz Patricia isn't looking cross. She's just serious. She realizes that with a mother called Billie Burke and a father by the name of Florenz Ziegfeld, junior, there's simply no limit to what the public will expect of her by the time she's outgrown those nice white shoes. She knows, however, that when her mother got through with "A Marriage of Convenience" and had a little time on her hands before her new play, "The Little Clown," she went and played Billie Burke all over the screen—it doesn't matter what they called the part, it's really just Billie the film people wanted. Florenz Patricia says she will study those pictures a little every day, and by the time she looks as young as her mother, she'll know just what to do with her smile



Reading from left to right, we have Frances Virginia Creel, Jinx Creel, and George Bates Creel whose name reveals the fact that when Blanche Bates gets home after "Getting Together," she's Mrs. George Creel. The censor thinks that the protective pose in the photograph may mean—but he isn't positive—that, while father as Chairman of the Committee on Public Information may or may not muzzle the press, nobody shall muzzle Jinx so long as he has two such friends on the floor of the house

Bangs Studio

NO WONDER THEY'RE SOLEMN;

THEY'RE HAVING THEIR CA-

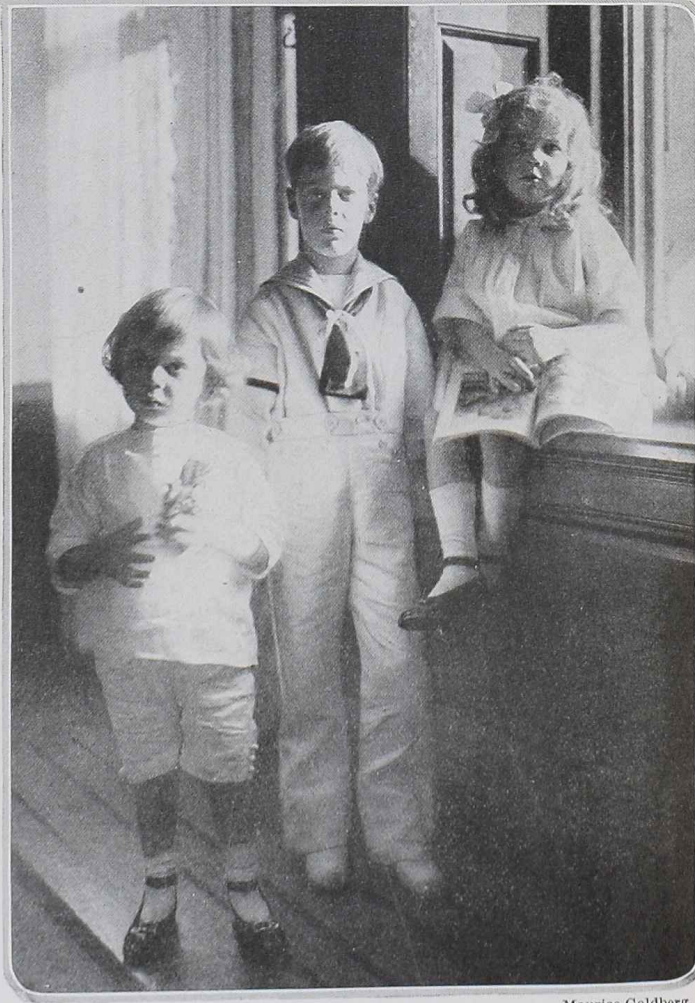
REERS WATCHED BY SEVERAL

MILLION ARDENT PLAYGOERS

The charming young person on the window-seat is Miss Ethel Barrymore Colt, the naval reservist is Samuel Colt, and the enquiring mind at the left is John Drew Colt who knows he'll have a hard time living up to that. When Ethel Barrymore isn't playing in her favourite part as Mrs. Russell Colt, she's sure to be found reviving or creating something. Her "Camille" was so successful that she contemplates repertoire again with "Mid-Channel" as one of her promised revivals and with several new plays as well



Arnold Genthe



Maurice Goldberg



BARON DE MEYER

George Arliss—The Coquelin of To-day

Mr. Arliss Is About to Begin a Tour of the West in His Memorable Characterization of Alexander Hamilton



MAURICE GOLDEERG

Ladies of the Lake

Dancers Who Are Now at Bar Harbor, Creating a Film Entitled, "A Pageant of Dancing"



Reading, as you naturally would, from left to right, these two top scenes represent what the maiden dreamed it would be like to read aloud to a convalescent soldier, and what the job really is. Not until a girl goes in for war work can she learn anything of advanced technique in snoring



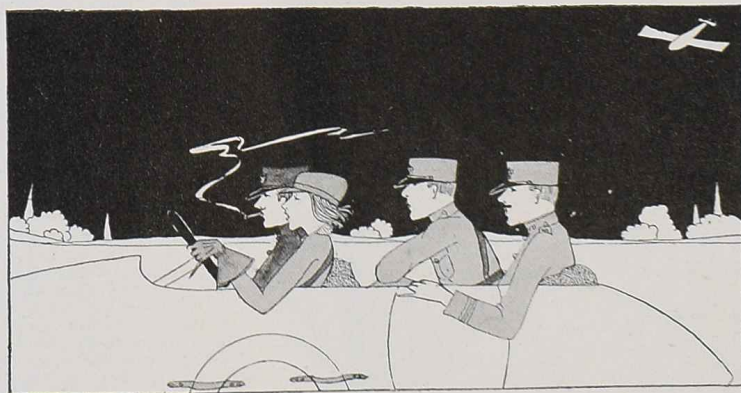
Only the thought of some day being secretary to an officer pulled this debutante through three months' intensive training in stenography. She thought, in her sweet innocence, that being secretary to an officer would work out about as in the scene on the left; the harrowing illustration on the right shows what the torturing position really turned out to be like



You can get a clear idea of who are the real war sufferers, if you only watch these pictures closely. On the left is a view of a maiden's idea of canteen work—as nurtured in the breast of every girl before she really knows anything about army life. On the right is a cross section of a canteen, drawn from life, illustrating the real adventures of the girl



You'd think that driving officers around would certainly be *la vie*. Before they try it, most girls imagine it is going to be one continuous round of amorous adventures, like that sketched below—at the left. But the facts in the case are pictured, with brutal frankness, in the scene at the right



The Bitter Truth About War Work

Dream-Shattering Sketches by Gordon Conway

THIS war is certainly rough on a young girl's innocent illusions. Every maiden pictures to herself all the dangers and romantic adventures that are lying around waiting to pounce on a girl, in various kinds of war work—and then, as soon as she starts out on her dangerous and hazardous career,

she is rudely awakened by Truth's unerring little alarm-clock. Too late, she discovers that all these exciting rumors about the romance and danger that surround an innocent girl's, so to speak, military life, are the result of hot press-agenting on the part of the army. No, girls, you're wrong; quite wrong.

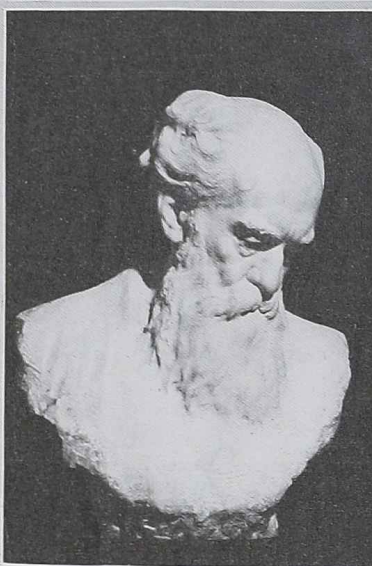
We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



PAUL THOMPSON

ALBERT GLEAVES

Because he is an able writer on naval history and a scientist of distinction, having, while in command of the "Dolphin," discovered the greatest depth in the north Atlantic Ocean; because he is one of the best of after-dinner speakers; because he has been awarded the Cross and Diploma of the Legion of Honor; because he commanded the torpedo boat "Cushing" in the Spanish-American War; because he is now a Rear Admiral, U. S. N.; but chiefly because, as commander-in-chief of the U. S. Cruiser and Transport Force, he has moved over 800,000 American troops to France, without the loss of a man



JOHN BURROUGHS

Because he is on the eighty-second leg of his inspiring journey through life; because no more popular or well-loved figure exists in America to-day; because he is a naturalist and a writer, and an essayist of the first order; because he was a friend of Walt Whitman's; because he camped and tramped with Roosevelt; because this bust of him is by C. S. Pietro; and, finally, because our present back-to-the-land, and back-to-the-garden, and back-to-the-fruit movements are nothing but the fulfillment of his most earnest prophecies



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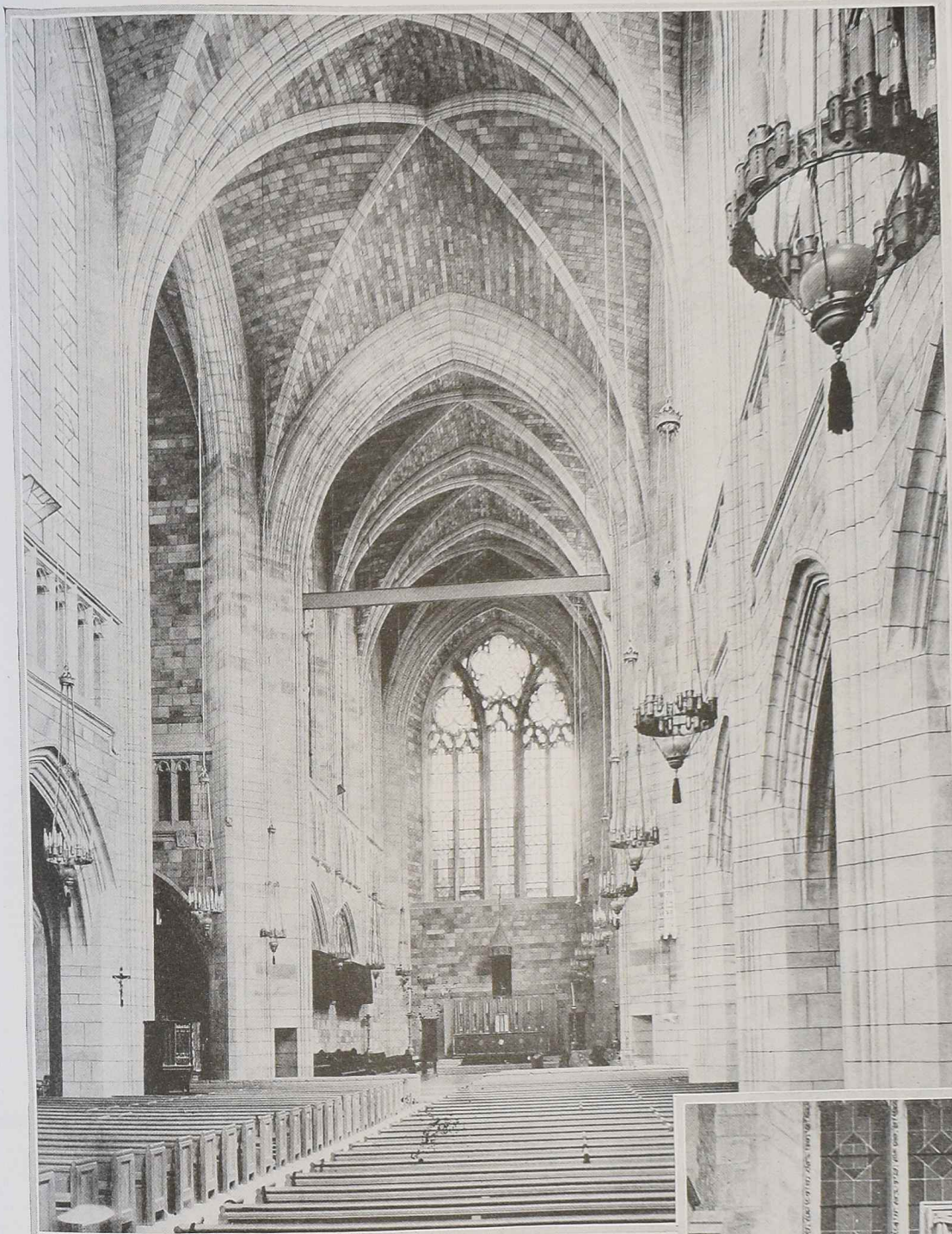
ANNE MORGAN

Because, from her girlhood, she was always a staunch prop to her father; because she inherited from him a high degree of courage and great ability; because she was instrumental in founding the Colony Club, the best club for women in America; because she has always used her wealth and her energies to make life tolerable and fruitful for girls who earn their own living; because she has always put work before pleasure, and the working classes before the idle classes; but chiefly because she has shown the world what one American woman can do to help our ally France in the hour of her need



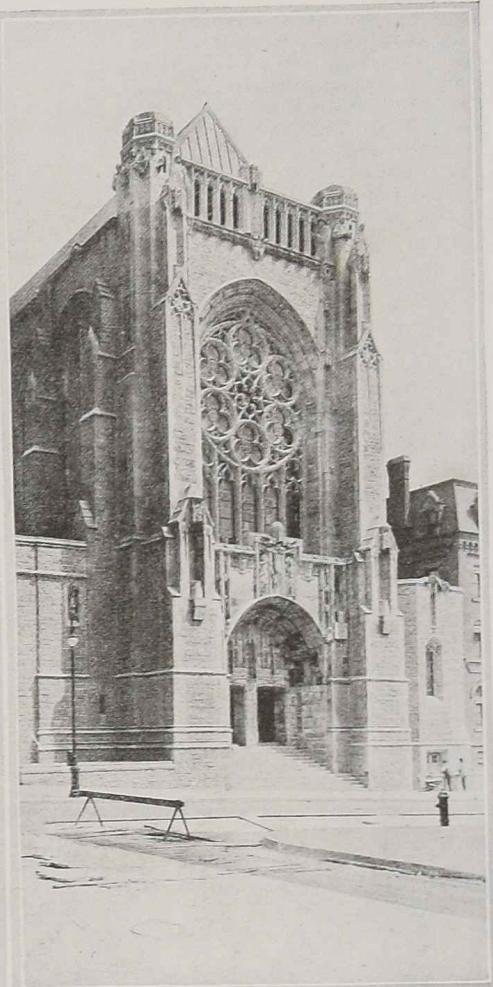
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Because he has proved exceedingly resourceful, far-seeing and efficient as Assistant Secretary of the Navy; because he distinguished himself as a senator at Albany; because, as a Roosevelt and otherwise, he has kept up the best Harvard traditions, and finally, because his name is being freely mentioned as an unbeatable candidate for the Governorship of the State of New York



Looking toward the high altar. The pulpit is below the cross on the wall at the left of the picture. The beam spanning the church marks the division between the nave and the sanctuary. To the north of the sanctuary is the organ; to the south, the chapel of the members of the Order

The main entrance to St. Vincent Ferrer's. Over the imposing arch, and on either side of the crucifixion, are the arms and other insignia of the Dominican Order. The only other church in New York with so much sculptured detail about the porch is the Church of St. Bartholomew's



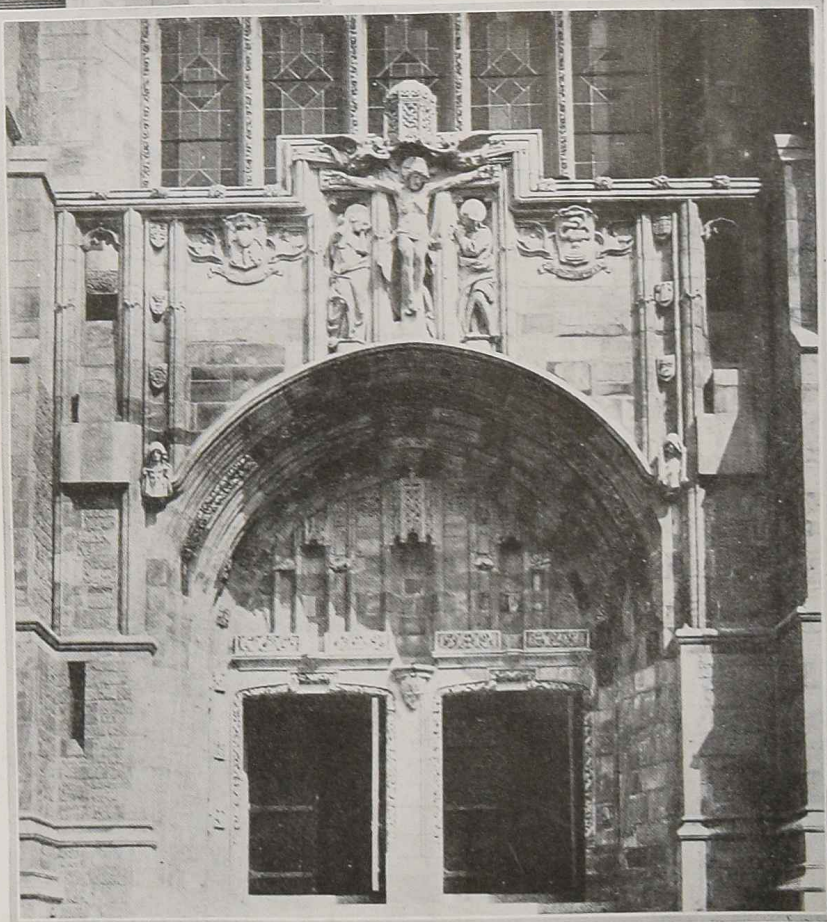
TEBBS

The western "rose" window, the design of which is repeated in the windows of the north and south transepts. The cornerstone of the new church, and that of the old church—which was on the same site—are set into the pillar to the left of the steps leading to the main porch. The great lead roof just shows above the parapet

A New French Gothic Church

The Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, in New York

THE church of St. Vincent Ferrer, at Lexington Avenue and 66th Street, New York, built by Bertram G. Goodhue for the Dominicans, will be an enduring monument to the genius of that architect. While Mr. Goodhue was a member of the firm of Cram, Goodhue and Ferguson, he collaborated with his partners on the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He is now the sole architect of two notable churches—both nearing completion in this city. First, the one shown on this page, and, second, the church of St. Bartholomew's, on Park Avenue and 51st Street. Ralph Adams Cram, Mr. Goodhue's ex-partner, on the other hand, is mostly responsible for the church of St. Thomas's, at Fifth Avenue and 55th Street. St. Vincent Ferrer's is in pure French Gothic of the Fourteenth Century. The Dominicans, or Order of Preachers, have always shown a fondness for this type of architecture. The church, built in three years, and dedicated on May 5, is now practically completed, though the altar, stalls and windows are only temporary; while the spire, which will be one of the tallest in the country, will not be finished for three years. The church is a fine addition to the architecture of New York.



HERE ARE THE NEW CORSETS

THAT KNOW HOW TO BE COM-

FORTABLE THOUGH SMART

CORSETS FROM MADAME IRENE

Very long, very low, with just one bone over each hip and one in the back, made of rose coloured faille, and trimmed with a deep frill of Valenciennes lace at the bottom—loveliness and comfort have surely met together in this corset designed to wear under a tea-gown, a negligée, or that prettiest of frocks, the informal dinner gown



Pink satin duchesse embroidered in blue and gold makes a corset suitable for afternoon and evening wear. The lines are low and long with a slight indentation at the waist. There is a minimum of boning, and it is of the very lightest weight



The average figure is always having new models developed for it, but few of them are what it really craves. This silk embroidered brocade corset, however, takes care of hips and full back by means of a new arrangement of elastic at the front

(Centre, above) "Corset Ceinture" is the name of the attractive creation in figured taffeta which eliminates the front steel and gets on with wide elastic side sections that produce the straight back without one's knowing it. Need it be said that this is an ideal corset to wear for dancing?

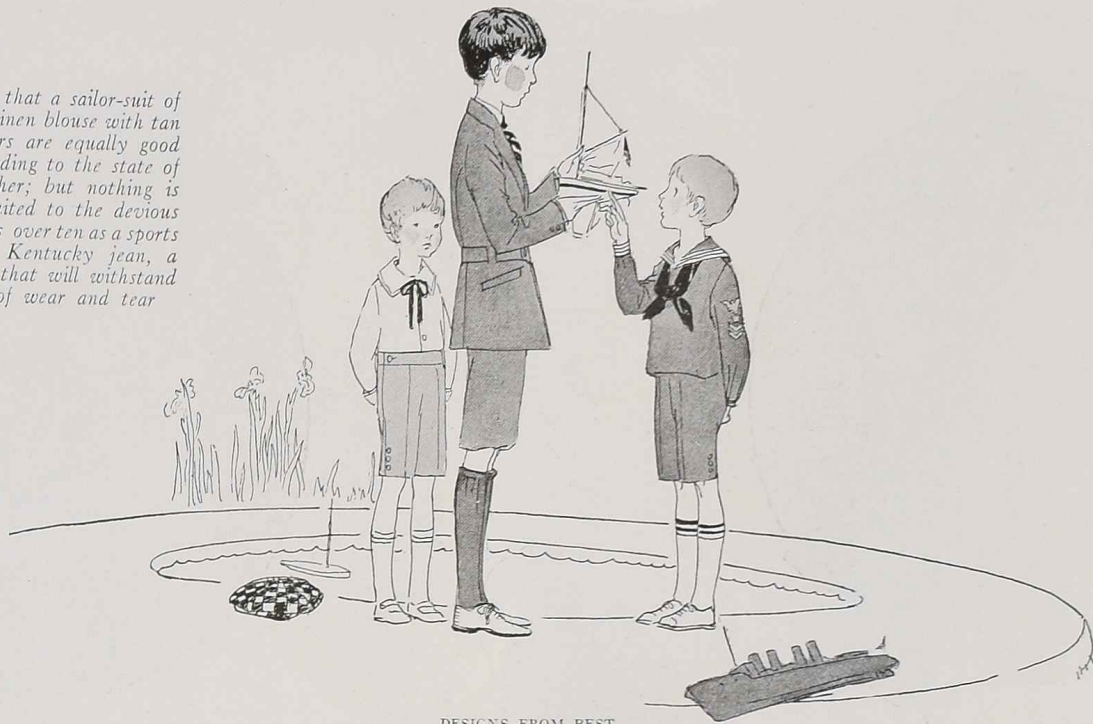
THERE never has been a time when the problem of the corset has been more important than it is at present. So many young women are starting out to devote their services to the country, that questions of how and when to wear a corset, as well as what sort of corset to choose, are in the category of those to which thoughtful persons should devote their attention. There are so many women, even among those fortunate enough to have found the right type of corset for their figures, who are yet wearing the wrong type for the work they have in hand. Having failed to change their corsets with their occupations, such women are suffering in consequence.



(Left) When one is slender and one's afternoons and evenings are under consideration, this well-made taffeta corset is the sort of model to select. There are insertions of elastic around the top which produce a low effect, and lace medallions which don't produce anything but themselves

It is only a very good corset, however, that is sufficiently well cut to meet the rigid requirements of war-time service. It must combine flexibility, correctness of line, and comfort. Fortunately, just as we need this versatile and good-looking type, the progress of corset evolution has provided it for us. The straight line and low cut of the corset of to-day which controls the hips without constricting the waist enables a woman, however active, to look well and feel well, while at the same time following the dictates of fashion. As a Fifth Avenue corsetière puts it, "The type of the present corset is expressed in two words—hygienic and aesthetic."

Small boys find that a sailor-suit of blue serge or a linen blouse with tan corduroy trousers are equally good to play in according to the state of wind and weather; but nothing is quite so well suited to the devious ways of the boys over ten as a sports coat of brown Kentucky jean, a cotton material that will withstand any amount of wear and tear



DESIGNS FROM BEST

CLOTHES FOR THE SMALL BOY AND HIS BROTHER

THE admiration bestowed in former years by the younger generation upon the circus clown has been transferred to the soldiers and sailors of the United States and the Allies. Now, it is the officer or soldier who is given careful scrutiny, sometimes criticised, more often admired, and very often copied.

Every garment the sailor-man wears is quite appropriate for the small boy, whereas a soldier's uniform is not at all in good taste and good style for boys. The overcoat and cap of the aviator, however, is quite correct, and there is something about the lines of this garment that is in keeping with the sort of clothes worn by young boys. The coat illustrated in the sketch at the bottom of this page is copied after the British aviator's top-coat, which fastens invisibly at one side and has a straight collar and pockets with flaps. The material is a fine khaki wool blanket-ing, very similar to camel's hair.

Another top-coat for the small boy is patterned after those worn by naval officers. The officer's cap, of course, is not worn with this, for the sailor's cap goes very well with an officer's overcoat. The coat in the sketch at the bottom of this page is of dark navy broad cloth, made double-breasted; large flat black bone buttons are used on it. This is an excellent coat for the small boy between the ages of five and twelve years.

For the small boy of from four to eight years a blouse is shown in the sketch

Suggestions for Dressing That Difficult and Dismal Creature to Whom Every Prospect Is Pleasing and Only Clothes Are Vile

at the top of the page, in navy blue serge with short straight trousers. It is trimmed with rows of white braid around the deep sailor-collar and narrow cuffs, and on one arm is embroidered the emblem, hand-done in bright red silk on the sleeve itself, and not on a separate piece stitched on.

For a very young boy a play-suit in natural coloured linen and corduroy to match is especially good. The straight blouse of the suit sketched at the top of the page is made of linen, and buttoned on to this are straight trousers of the corduroy. The cord tie is in white, and both the blouse and trousers are trimmed with white pearl buttons.

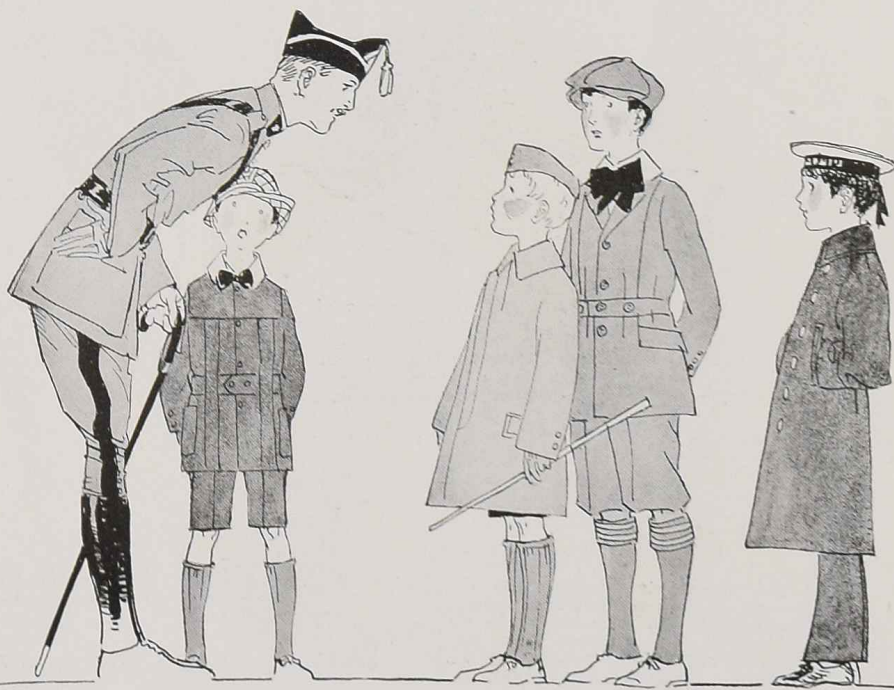
The sports coat sketched at the top of the page is of brown Kentucky jean, a material which is almost indestructible. It resembles a suede leather, yet is of the texture of a fine wool velours, warm but light in weight. It is well tailored and made without the Norfolk box pleats.

Another model is made in a fine English homespun mixture which may be had in various shades. The coat is made on straight and simple lines, without the Norfolk box pleats, in order to conserve wool. The seams are well tailored, however, and there is an unusual belt which fastens at the front with three buttons. This suit is for the boy of from eight to fourteen years.

A suit on Norfolk lines for the small boy is shown at the left in the sketch at the bottom of the page, in blue serge with white linen collar and bright red bow tie. The coat and trousers are separate; the coat is made with a deep yoke and Norfolk pleats, and there is a wide belt at the waist. The buttons are of black bone, and at each side there is a large patch pocket.

When one considers those dreadful days when rebellious and unreconciled little boys had long curls, velvet suits, and lace collars "wished on them" by fond Victorian mamas, one realizes how fortunate the present day American boy is, now that sports clothes made of materials suited to his own adventurous mode of life are offered him for daily wear and for "best" alike.

It all depends on your temperament whether you take more kindly to the trig lines of an aviator's cap and top-coat, or to a sailor's cap and a double-breasted overcoat such as are worn by those who go down to the sea in ships



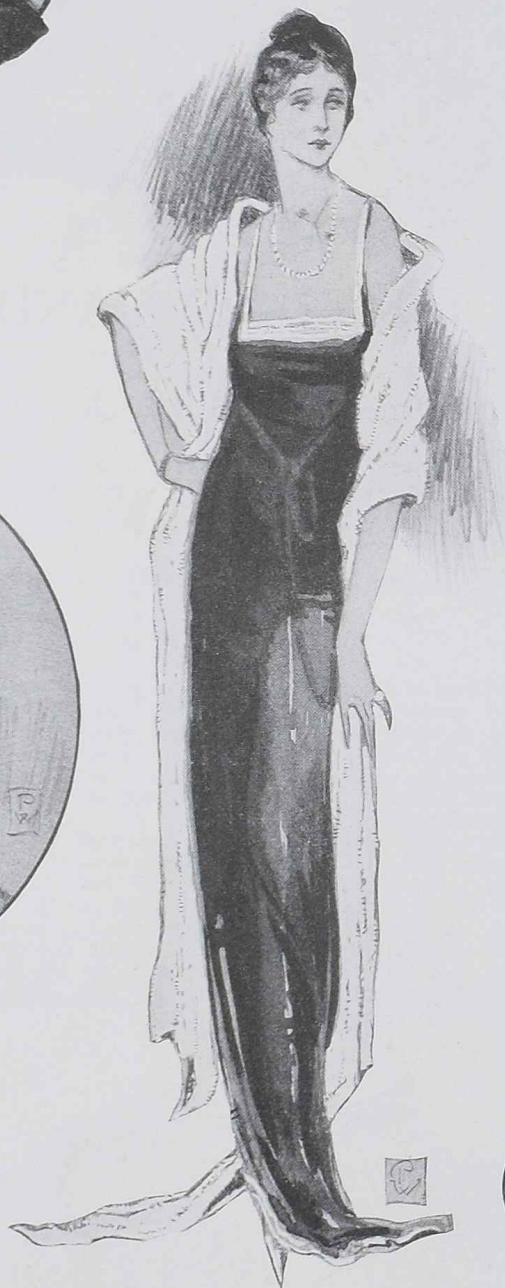
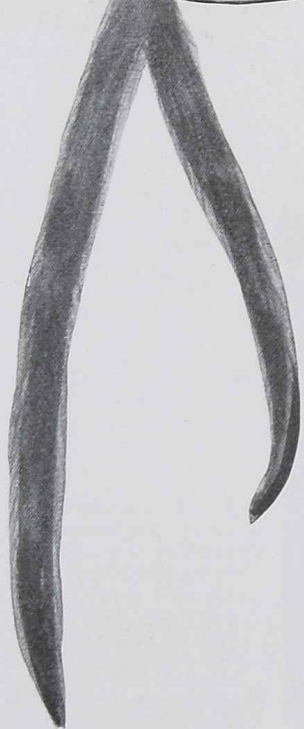
Even the very small boy may have a suit on Norfolk lines, of blue serge with a white linen collar and bright red tie. His older brother may go in for English homespuns, made on simple lines and belted like a Norfolk jacket



Furs like those on this page are not only appropriate for early Autumn, but are chic enough to be good all through the Winter. This collar and muff are of mink. The hat is of dull-toned striped silk, with cut steel beads outlining the stripes.



A collar like this one of moleskin can be worn in so many different fashions that it's really a whole collection of furs in itself. The toque is of soft black velvet with a flare of gaura all across one side. Four hats from Mary's Hat Shop.



A long, wide stole is one of the most important members of the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. This graceful affair is of ermine which makes it particularly effective for wear with an evening gown.



The hat is a flat little affair of velvet, trimmed with a long pheasant feather, and the neckpiece is a smart arrangement of four sable skins, fastening under a cascade of tails. Three furs from Balch, Price.

Seal brown velvet topped with a sweep of owl's feathers forms this smart little hat. The long stole is of marten, a single skin wide; it may be worn in many ways. This stole and fur set above from Charvet.

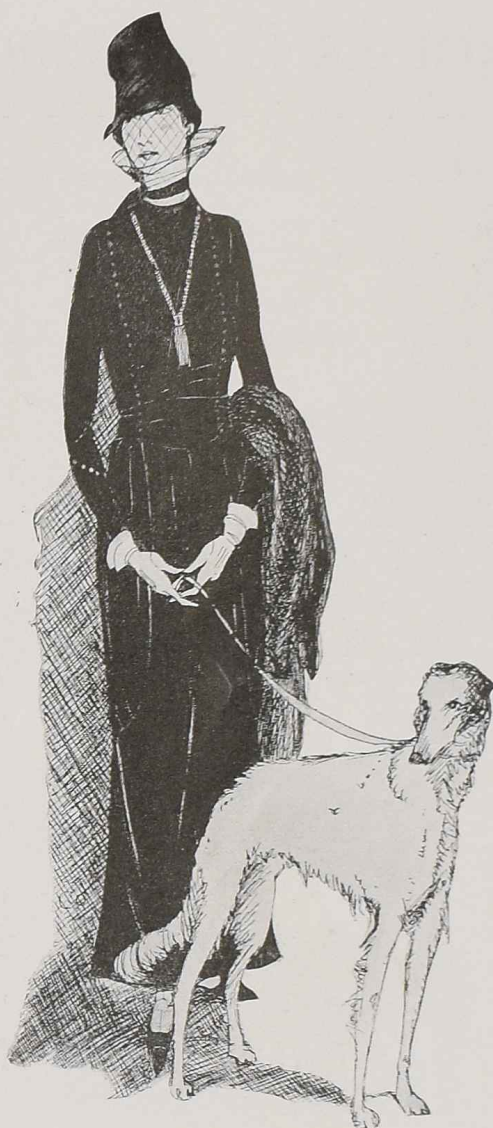
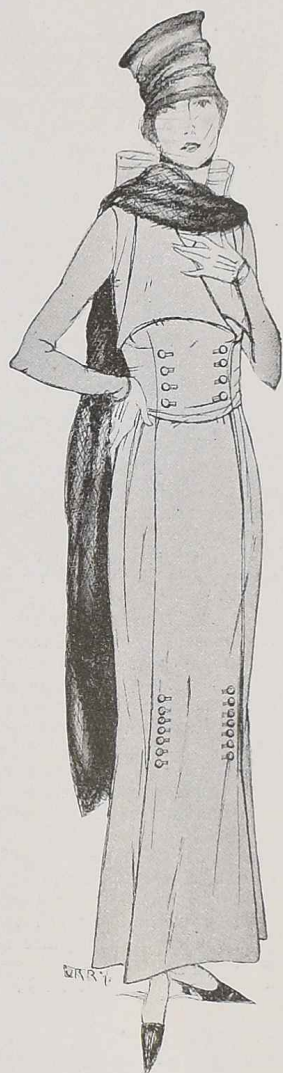
The First Signs of Fall

Furs and Hats Are Sure Indications of the New Season

Coming Fashions Cast Their Silhouette Before

The Bell-shaped Skirt Is Suggested as a New Idea for Autumn

As smart as it is unusual of line is this suit of navy blue tricotine. The skirt has the bell-shaped outline that the designers have thought up as something new under the sun. The basque-like coat, cut slightly longer than the normal waist-line, has as its only trimming rows of black bone buttons, and the exceedingly novel flaring collar is of white organdie, like the cuffs. Black ribbon faced with white finishes it



Three models from Wanamaker



Another expression of that idea of the bell silhouette is shown by this street frock of black tricotine. Like the suit above, it has a rather elongated basque, long, tight sleeves, and that novel skirt. The frock is trimmed with tricotine-covered buttons, and the only touch of color is the narrow purple ribbon tied about the neck

The bell-shaped silhouette is not a striking feature of many new Fall models; just the faintest suggestion of the new idea is ventured by this frock of dark blue serge, trimmed with tiny black ribbed bone buttons. The skirt is built up of a succession of scalloped ruffles, and the collar has a flaring frill of black tulle

Two models from Gidding



A coat like this is so adaptable—it may be used for afternoon wear, and it may be pressed into service over a dinner gown for restaurant wear. It is of greenish blue velours brocaded in dull silver and topped with a beaver collar, and it is cut with that long blouse in the back which is so smart

Taupe velours is the material of this suit, with a clever note of contrast in the peacock blue facing which shows in the turned-back cuffs. The long collar is of fox and the waist is girdled with a taupe cord knotted at the side. The skirt narrows gracefully about the wearer's ankles

AND THUS DOES RODIER FROCK PARIS FOR VICTORY

IT is strange that at this time, when we have less need of change than ever before, certain new fabrics have appeared in Paris and made such a success that they will probably never disappear again. They have become almost "classics." Those to which I refer are silk tricot, or jersey, and camel's hair, and we are using them almost as freely as we once employed serge and taffeta. With these two weaves as a foundation, the makers have given us a thousand varieties, under a thousand names.

In addition to the plain coloured materials designed for tailored suits in the winter of 1919 and called by such names as tressa, matelotine, moufflonne, diavella, burra, velursine, diavelaine, dgersadrap (which already, this season, has exceeded its success of last year), there are some real novelties. One particularly interesting one is called "lionceau," a name which suggests the soft fabric it represents. Unfortunately no sample is shown of this fabric which will be used as trimming for gowns and coats. "Oisella," the shaggy ostrich-like trimming illustrated below, is made of silk and is another novelty of the winter season, quite different from anything that we have ever seen before. It will be used like fur at the hem of a chiffon frock with the line of joining softened by embroidery in delicate threads of metal or silk. This material is one of the most sensational innovations of the season; it comes in brown, black, and grey. "Toison d'or," illustrated below at the right, is another fantasy and somewhat similar. It is a shaggy fabric made of gold threads on a black foundation.

"L'orang-outang," a material which is not illustrated, is a very perfect imitation of monkey fur. It is so soft and flexible that it can be used for the larger part of a coat or gown. Speaking of coats, I should like to draw attention to the new shape, resembling a hooded cape, called "Cape du berger," which will replace the "roulière," or smock form, we have had for several seasons. For this coat is the fabric called "diabure pékiné," illustrated below, which comes in stripes or in Scotch plaids and which will be excellent for motoring or for traveling. In the same style, but in stripes only, is the "velbura," also

Shaggy taupe silk hairs make "oisella," the ostrich-inspired trimming

With Cloth of Gold, and Brilliant Velvet, and "Coat of Mail", France Creates New Beauty under the Guns

shown below. It is a soft thick woollen fabric which will make effective waistcoats, and it may be had in all colourings. This material is certain to be very popular for these extra garments which are now as essential to a wardrobe as a blouse used to be.

"Filetine," which is not illustrated here, is a pretty fabric which also comes in all colours and is suitable for street frocks for autumn. The difference between this Rodier fabric and those made by the novelty shops is that his shows herring-bone stripes and is in the best quality, while in the ordinary fabrics the stripes are straight. "Tressa" is another attractive fabric with a herring-bone weave. It is an elastic woollen material in fawn colour.

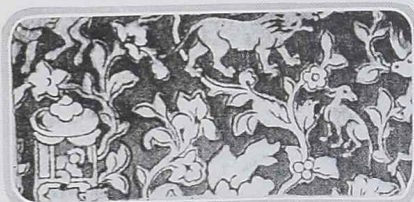
We have had the brilliant panne velvet, called "panne-éclat," for some time, and it reappears again to-day in a damask weave which makes it look like reflections in still water. Whether in black or white, we only wish that circumstances would allow those of us who are

in Paris to make use of it in charming costumes to wear at such reunions as were possible before the war. Rodier shows a series of very decorative stuffs in "Panne-éclat," one of which, called "la chasse persane," is illustrated on this page. It is printed in a pattern of hunting scenes taken from ancient Persian documents. The colouring of the fabric called "le paravent," illustrated just below, is really wonderful. It looks like a deep blue lake reflecting figures of deep orange-red and brown.

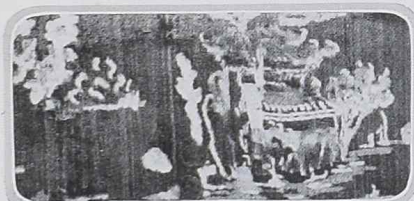
"Vellor damasquiné" is a strange material of unusual richness, with its rough gold surface damaskeened like the beautiful steel of Toledo. It looks as if it had been invented for those beauties of the Renaissance who welcomed the returning conquerors by following their horses in the streets. Of the same epoch are the "cottes de mailles," which are designed to replace the popular silk jersey. An example of this material is shown in the middle on this page. These fabrics come in steel and a dull gold of a very rare shade. "Dgersacier," shown in the group at the bottom of the page, is a fabric of the same sort, a "coat of mail" in coloured silk striped with steel coloured threads. It will be excellent for the long "chemise gowns," which are prettier than the chemise tunics of last season.

Rodier also has a silk voile with an interesting big velvet spot in black and white. This attractive material, illustrated below, is called "les boutons de nacre." A brilliant panne velvet in big checks of red, white, and black has been named "la faience nacré." With his new fabrics, Rodier has also created a series of most amusing galloons which will lend a touch of vivid charm to the simplest frock. Some give the effect of Arabian jewellery, others are of damaskeened metal, and still others are an almost exact reproduction of those ribbons of platinum on which our watches or diamond pendants have been suspended. The most luxurious bags, set with jewels, are often made of mingled platinum and gold. Rodier has taken this idea as an inspiration for a galloon which has much the same effect of elegance as these materials.

J. R. F.



"La chasse persane" is a brilliant panne with blue background and green lions

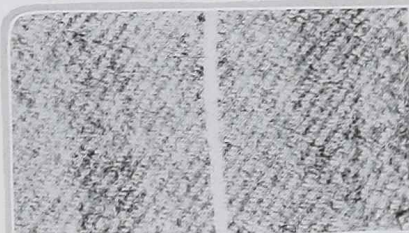


"Le paravent" is all orange-red and brown mystery on a blue panne ground

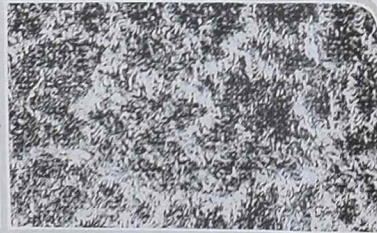


"Toison d'or" shows gorgeous stiff gold threads woven on black

Rodier's "diabure pékiné" is a heavy striped woollen fabric with a white finish over all, like hoar frost on wool



"Cotte de mailles" is woven in gold and black silk



"Vellor damasquiné" is a wonderful fabric of short gold threads, clipped and woven on a black foundation



"Velbura" is striped in dark red, grey, green, and blue with some black



A "coat of mail" tissue, "dgersacier," is blue with steel coloured threads



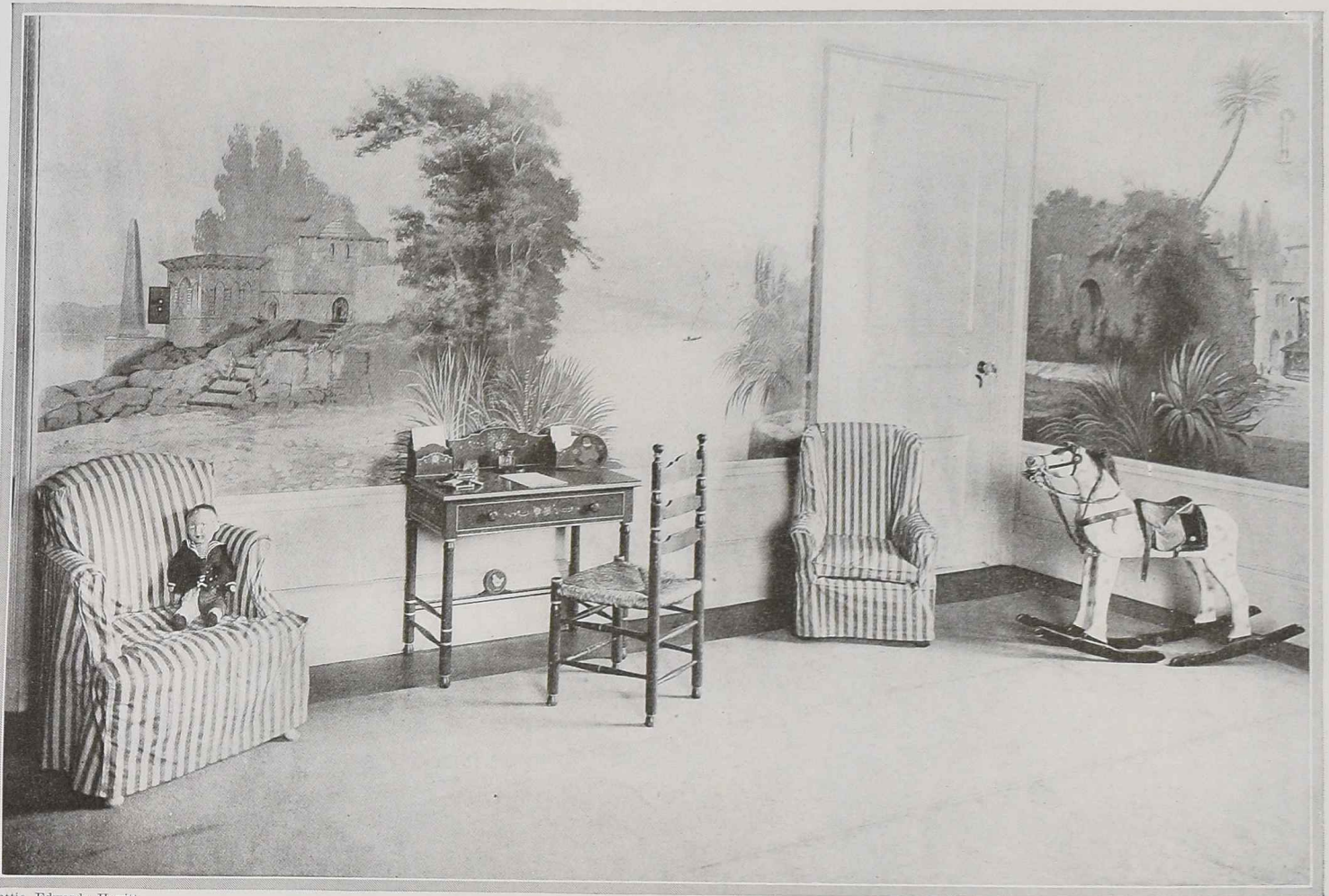
Silk voile with a velvety black and white spot is "les boutons de nacre"



"Tressa" is a woollen fabric in fawn shade and herring-bone weave



A panne in checks of red, white, and black is "la faience nacré"



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

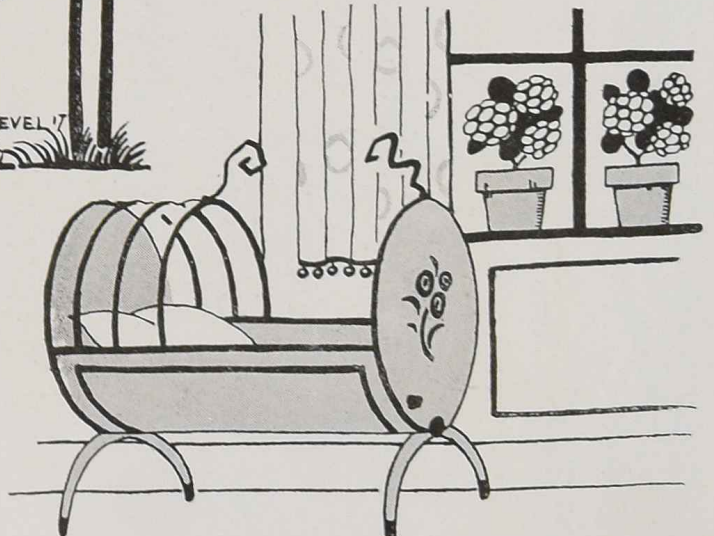
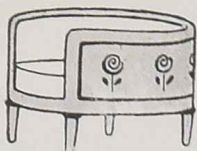
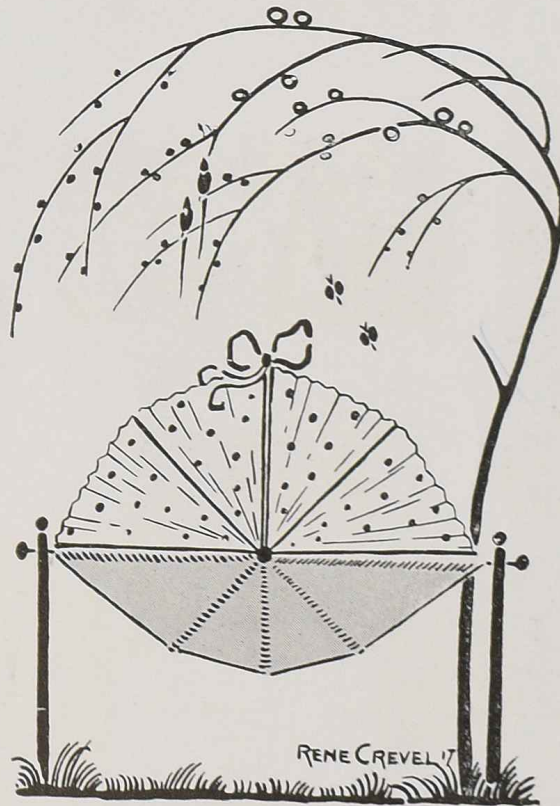
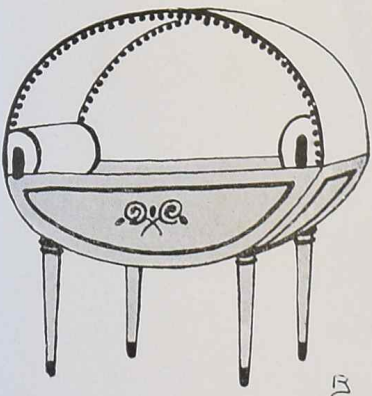
(Above) Simple lines, naïf decorations, and brilliant colours are the three important points to remember in doing a nursery. Children's furniture should be part of their playthings. Nursery in the residence of Mrs. Carl Tucker; decorations by Mrs. Coit MacLean

TO MAKE THE FURNITURE FIT

THE CHILD IS THE IDEA

OF NURSERY DECORATION

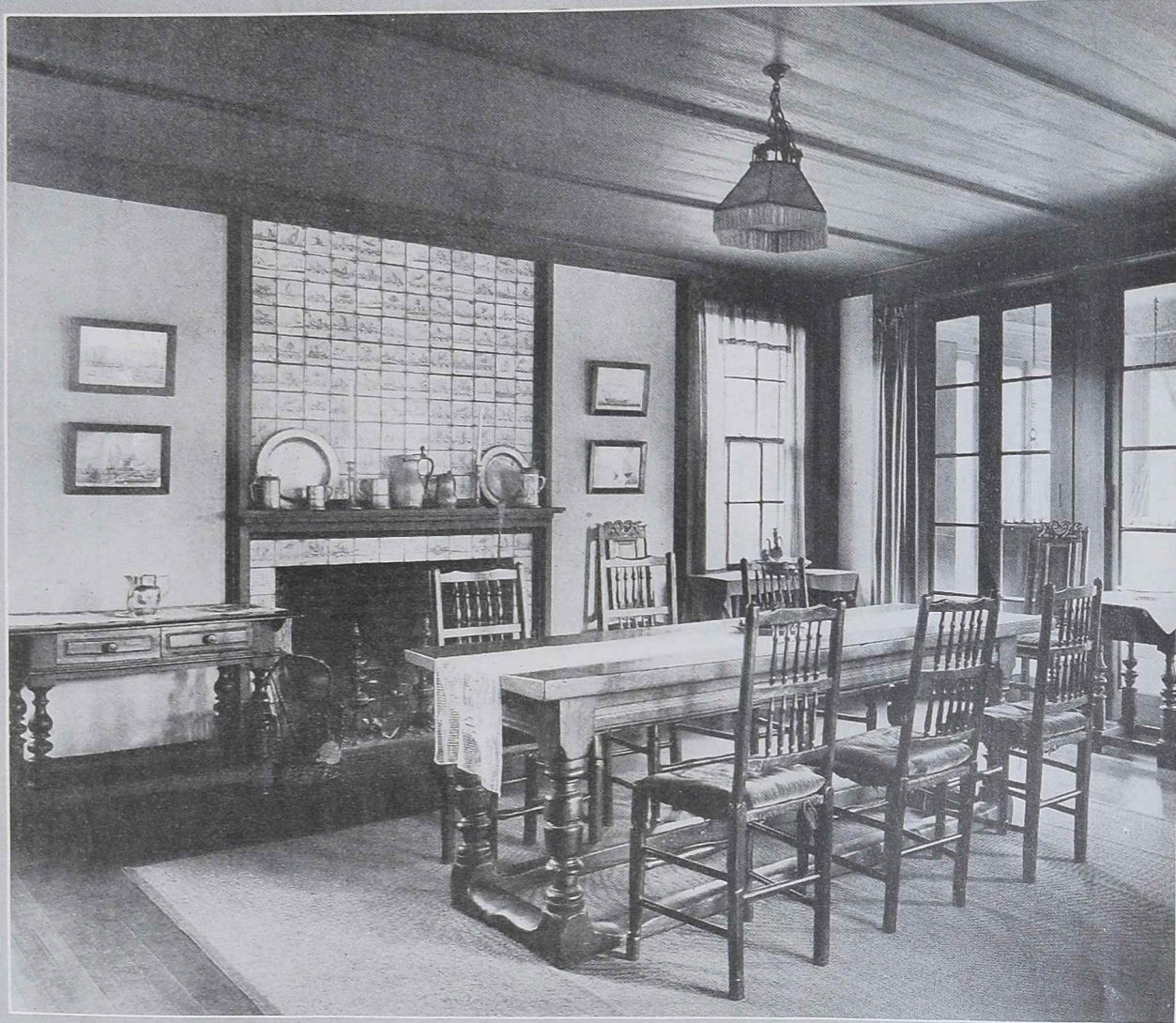
The child whose "bed is like a little boat" will find it especially attractive for a voyage to dreamland if it is painted orange colour with blue decorations to match a little armchair and if its white canopy is edged with a fringe of orange balls



(Left) For a sheltered nap in a corner of the garden on a breezy day, a baby may take pattern from a butterfly and retreat into a cocoon of pink wicker and white muslin with pink dots, to the mystification of two anxious and inquiring birds on an overhanging peach bough

THREE NURSERY BEDS ESPECIALLY DESIGNED BY RENÉ CREVEL

Nothing could be more amusing than a fat pink baby in this blue lacquer frame with lines and decorations in black and a net top stretched over three hoops, just to show that it is a real cradle, in spite of all its sophisticated lacquered ways



The facing and panel over the dining room fireplace are old blue and white Dutch tiles. All of the woodwork, including the floors, is stained a quiet shade of brown and the walls are left in the natural rough plaster. The ceiling is cypress with wide matched boards in emulation of a Flemish interior

ROOMS IN THE
RESIDENCE OF
JOHN FORBES
PERKINS, Esq.,
MILTON, MASS.



Heavy adzed cypress timbers support the living room ceiling. Floors, doors and finish around the fireplace are oak. Caen stone has been used for facing the fireplace. The architectural background of the room contrasts well with the bright colored tapestries, chair cushions and the deeper tones of the old furniture

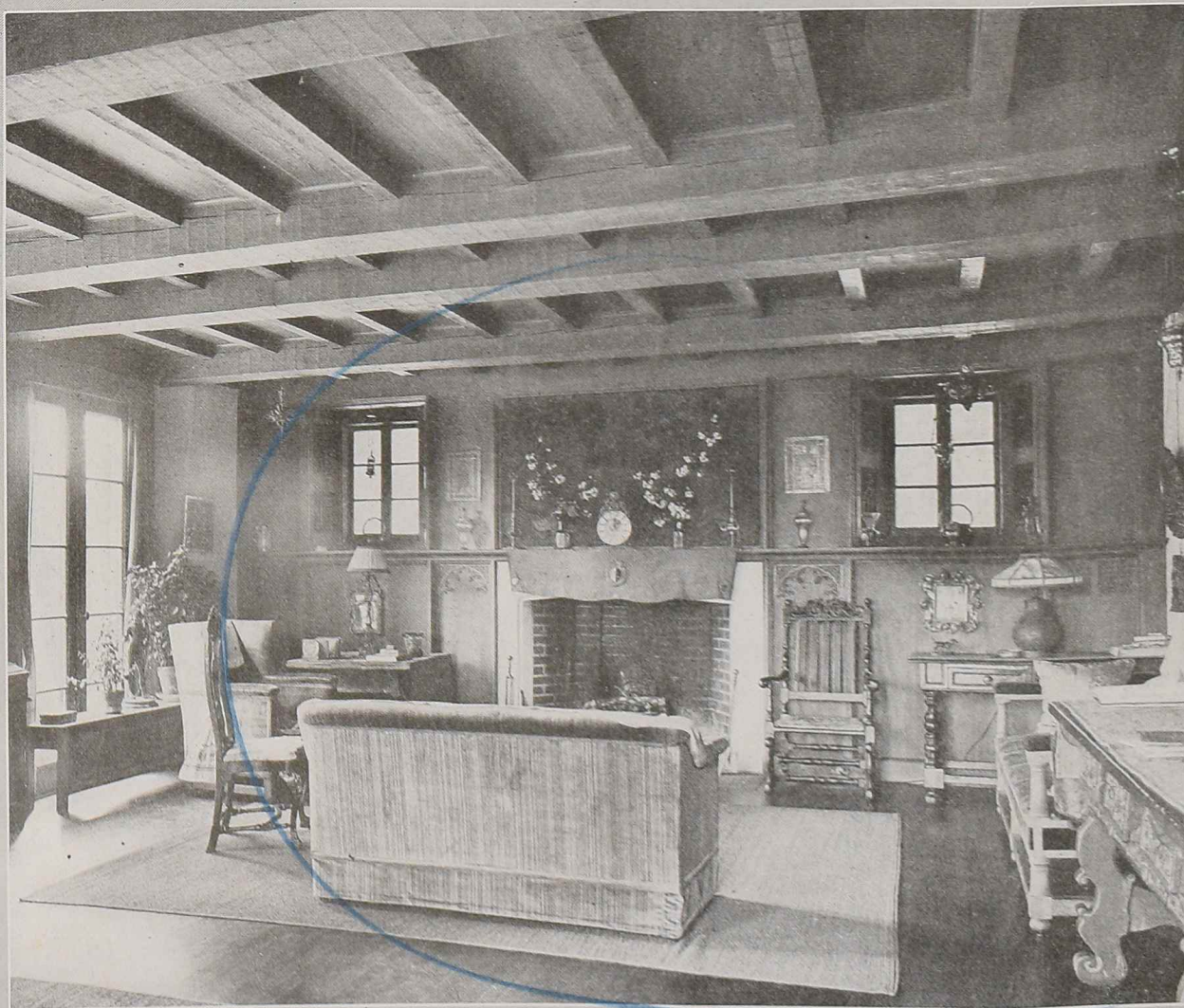
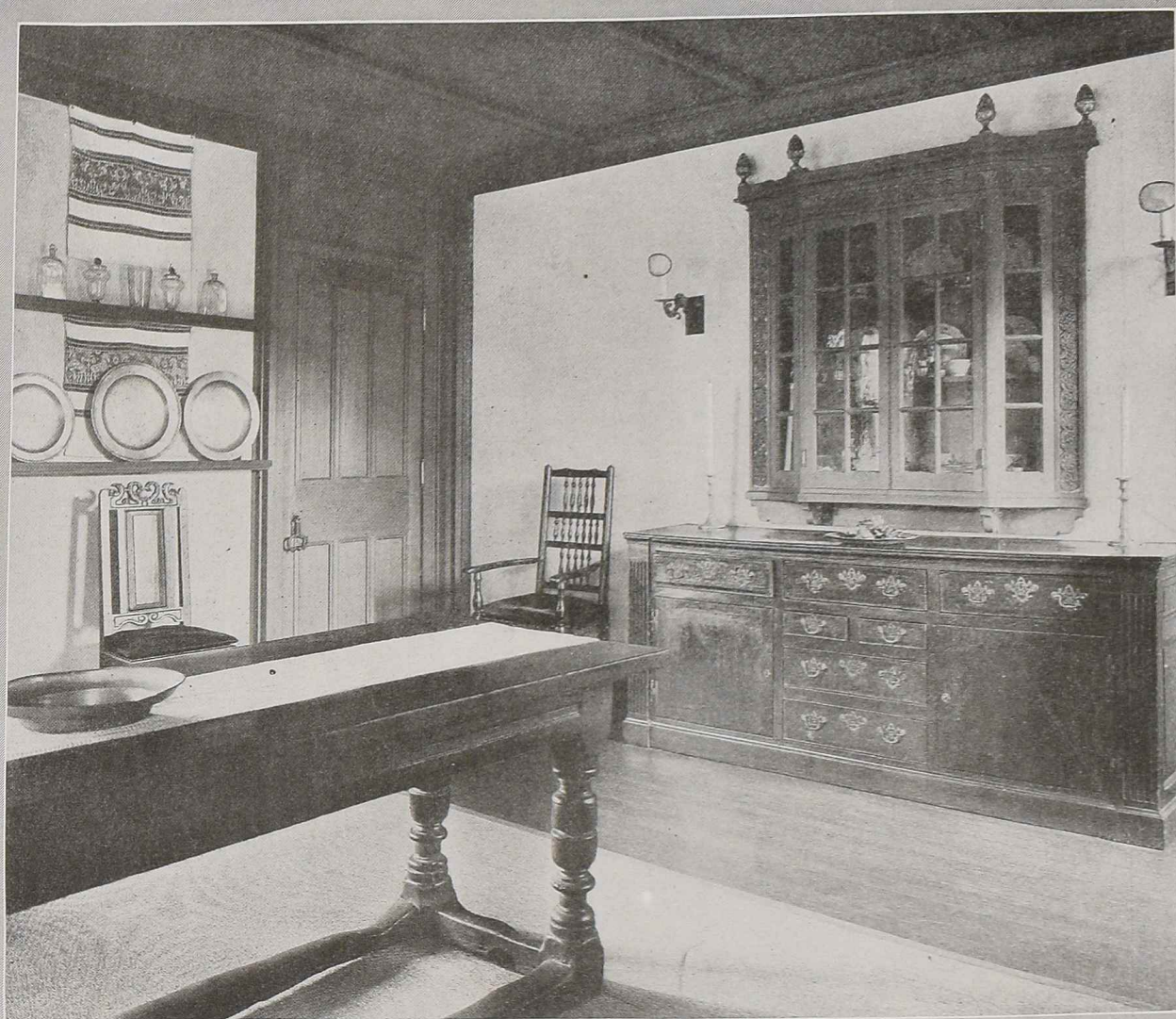
In creating the dining room the architect and owner had the advantage of an excellent collection of antiques. They made a room in which these would fit harmoniously. In following Flemish prototypes, shelves were put up for pewter and glassware, a bowed closet was set in the wall, and rugs and hangings were kept simple

A COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF DISTINCTION

RIPLEY and
Le BOUTELLIER,
Architects

Photographs by Buckly

Possessions plus taste will make a beautiful room. Either one alone will not. In this case the owner had several good pieces of furniture, tapestry and objets d'art. The architect collaborated in making the background. The result was a comfortable room in good taste, a room of fine feeling and distinction





Northend

A LITTLE PORTFOLIO *of* GOOD INTERIORS

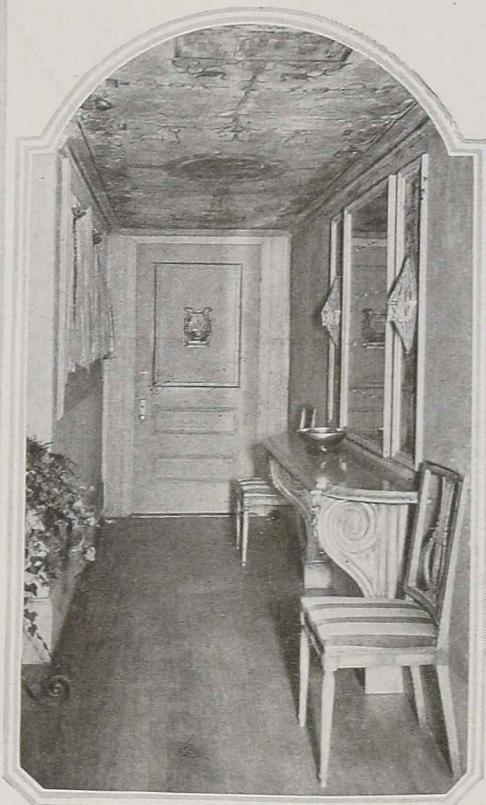
Much of the dignity of the living room, one side of which is illustrated here, is due to the paneled walls of natural walnut that give the room a rich architectural background. The hangings and the upholstery of the Queen Anne sofa are crimson damask. A soft, all-over design rug carries the same crimson note



An antique oak chest, a pair of iron torcheres and a tall Italian chair covered in red antique damask make an interesting group at one end of this living-room. Curtains are of blue monk's cloth edged with wide bands of heavy filet lace. A comfortable day-enport is covered in beige colored mohair and has cushions of petit point. Decorations by Leeds, Inc.

The open fireplace grouping illustrated in the living room below especially lends itself to a small room. A Queen Anne sofa is placed beside the fire at an angle, with a large chair opposite. Balance is given the composition by the flanking mirrors of etched glass and the Chinese vases on the mantel. A Chinese screen is on the hearth

A very clever treatment for one of those troublesome narrow hallways shows a marble console with an interesting arrangement of mirror and two decorative painted panels in which have been set crystal side lights. The ceiling has been painted in the Italian manner and the chairs blue and gold against a fawn colored wall, making an interesting color arrangement. Decorations by Fakes-Bisbee





The dining room of the Hine residence, exterior views of which are found on pages 13, 20 and 21, is finished in soft yellow with ivory woodwork. The furniture is 18th Century mahogany. Walker & Gillette, architects

The popularity of the over mantel paneling set in a dignified Georgian frame is evidenced by its identical use in both these dining rooms. And, in each instance, character is given the walls by the molding panels



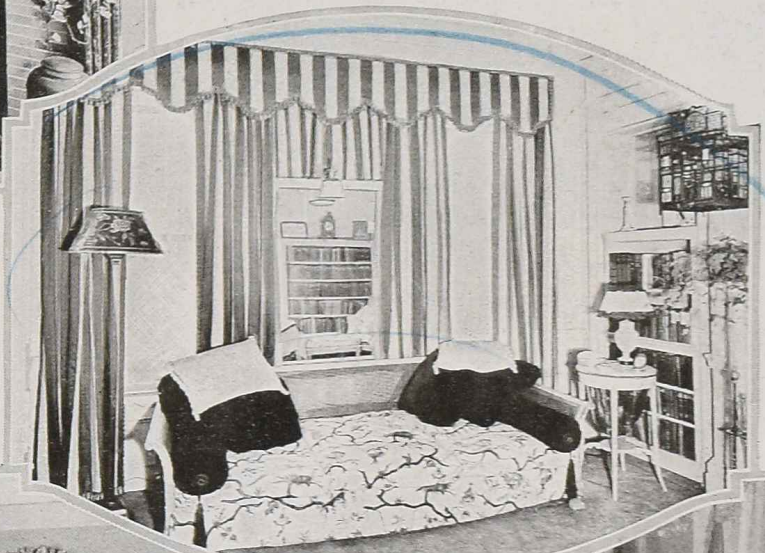
VIEWS in the HOME of MRS. ALEXANDER D. B. PRATT

NEW YORK CITY

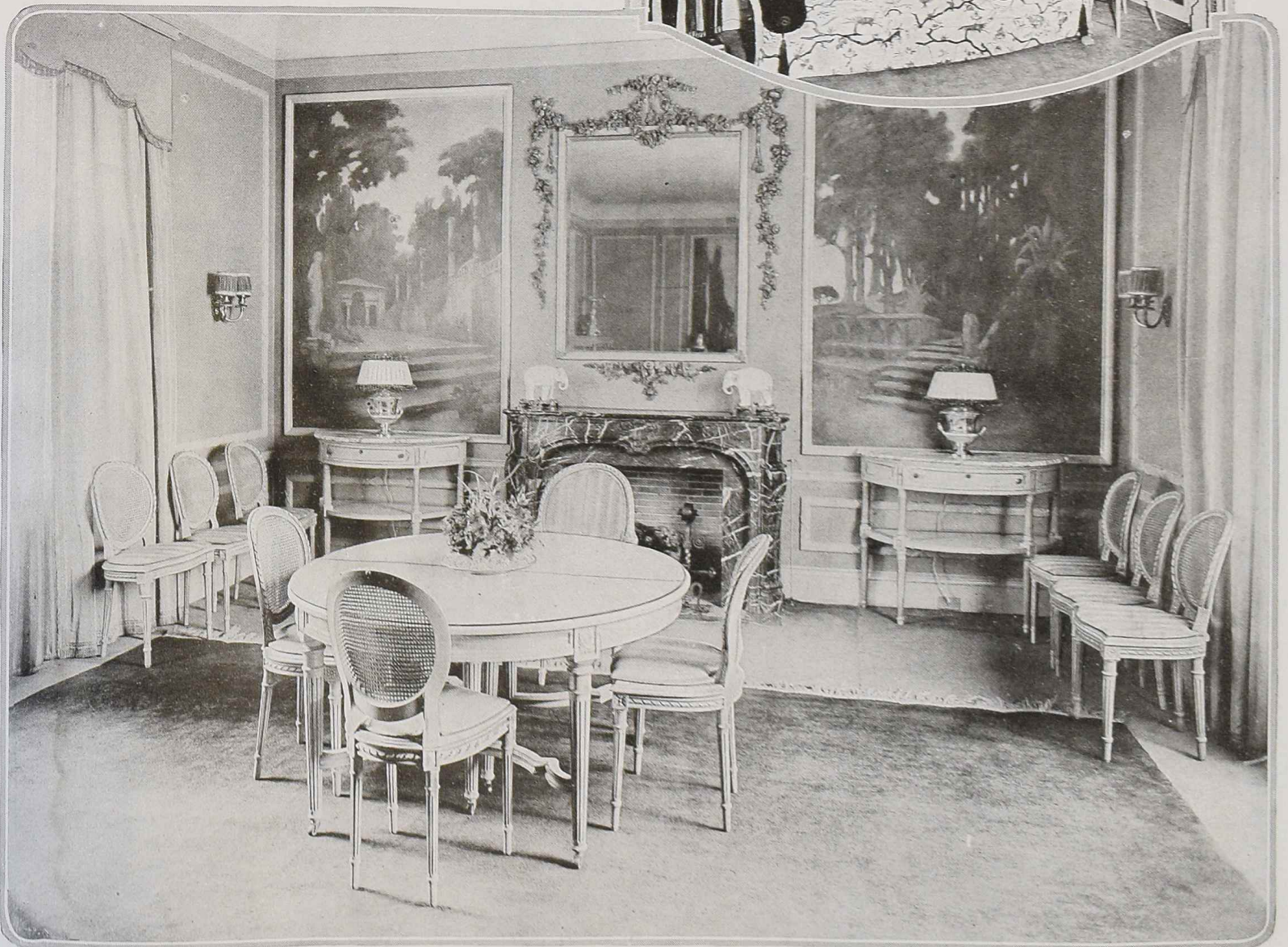


The corner of the sitting room shows a black and gold lacquer desk with its delightful appointments. The walls are yellow paneled with green and the over curtains of green taffeta with valances of green and yellow damask carry out the general color scheme of the room

Slate blue walls with oyster colored moldings are a restful background for the architectural paintings which have been set in the panels of the dining-room. The curtains are of blue taffeta with under curtains of gold gauze and the furniture is in the spirit of Louis XVI



The ample day bed at one end of the boudoir is covered in a chintz of Chinese design. This in combination with the wide striped fabric at the windows and plain velvet cushions makes a variety of material used which is quite interesting and still harmonious

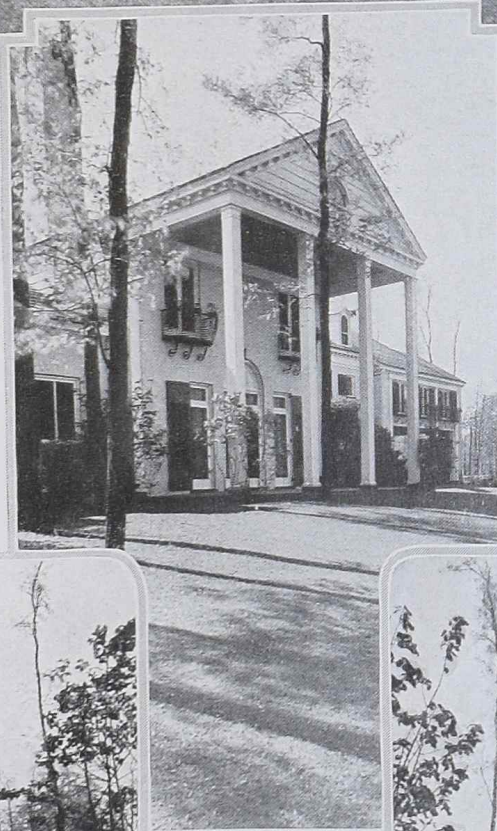




Gillies

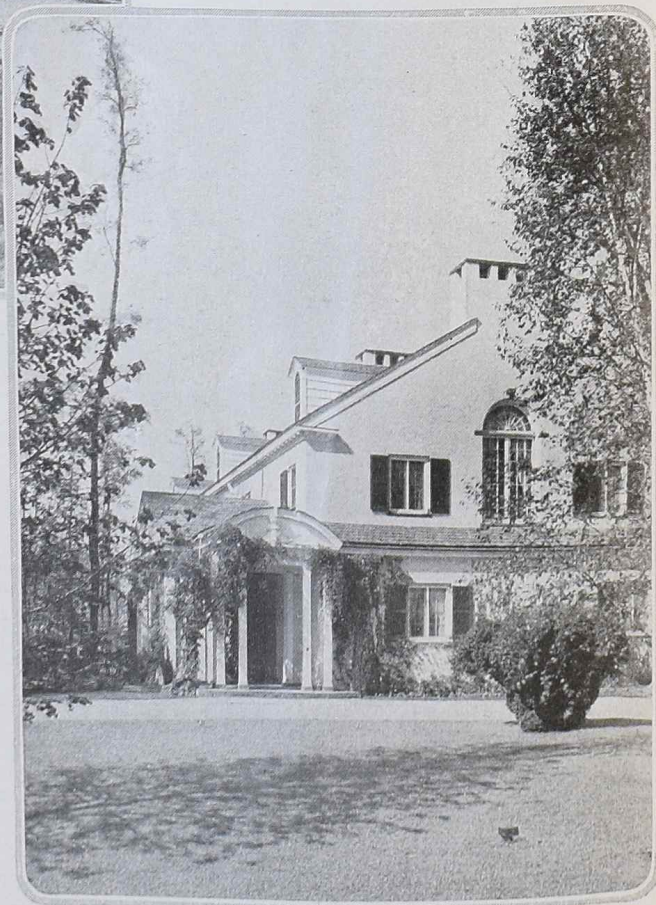
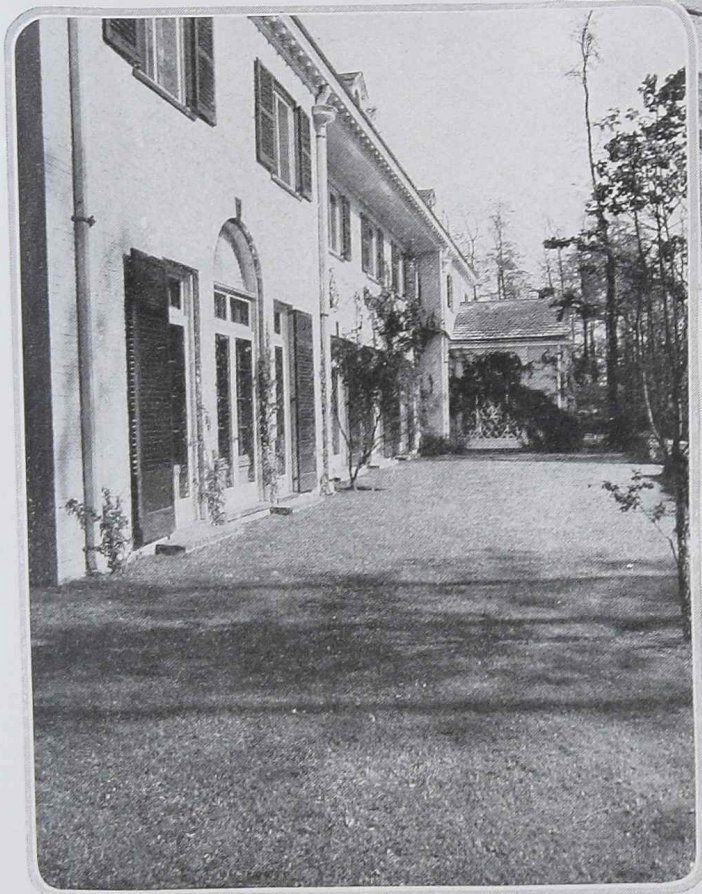
The house is an extended balanced structure of the classic Colonial type executed in brick. The wings flank a "pediment-and-portico" entrance, ending at one side in a broad enclosed porch, and on the other in service quarters

Variety is given the south terrace side of the house by indented units with wide overhanging eaves and an indented arched door. Interesting shadow play results. The house is painted straw color with green blinds and white trim



From the house on this side the lawn stretches down to the gardens and thence to the Sound. This view of the entrance is taken from the garden. A judicious use of wrought iron balconies lends color to the portico facade

A decorative window group is found at one end—a stairs arched window flanked by small windows. Below is a one-story passage with an entrance porch leading to the south terrace shown opposite. The roof lines are unusual



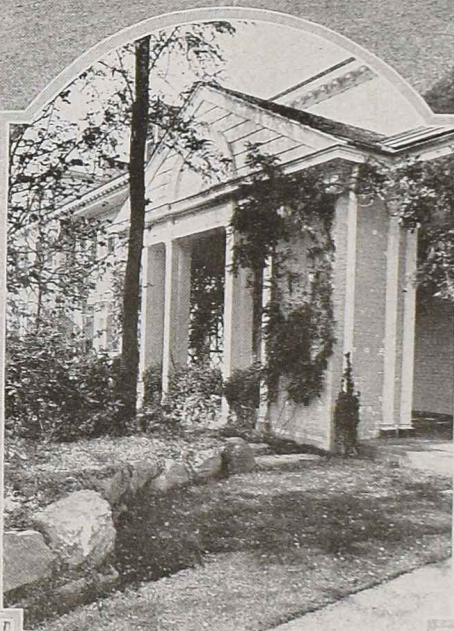


The entrance driveway reaches the house by one end of a wing. It is unostentatious and simple. The house has been placed to command a view of the Sound which can be had from three sides

THE RESIDENCE of FRANCIS L. HINE, Esq.

LATTINGTON ROAD
LONG ISLAND

Walker & Gillete, Architects



The value of Colonial work lies in the perfection of its details. That very perfection accounts for the architectural success of this entrance porch. Its lines, scale and setting are happily chosen

Much of the character of such a house depends on its surroundings—the stretches of lawn, the immediate foundation plantings and the trees, to the shadows of which the beauty of the lawn is largely due



NIPPON *in* NEW JERSEY

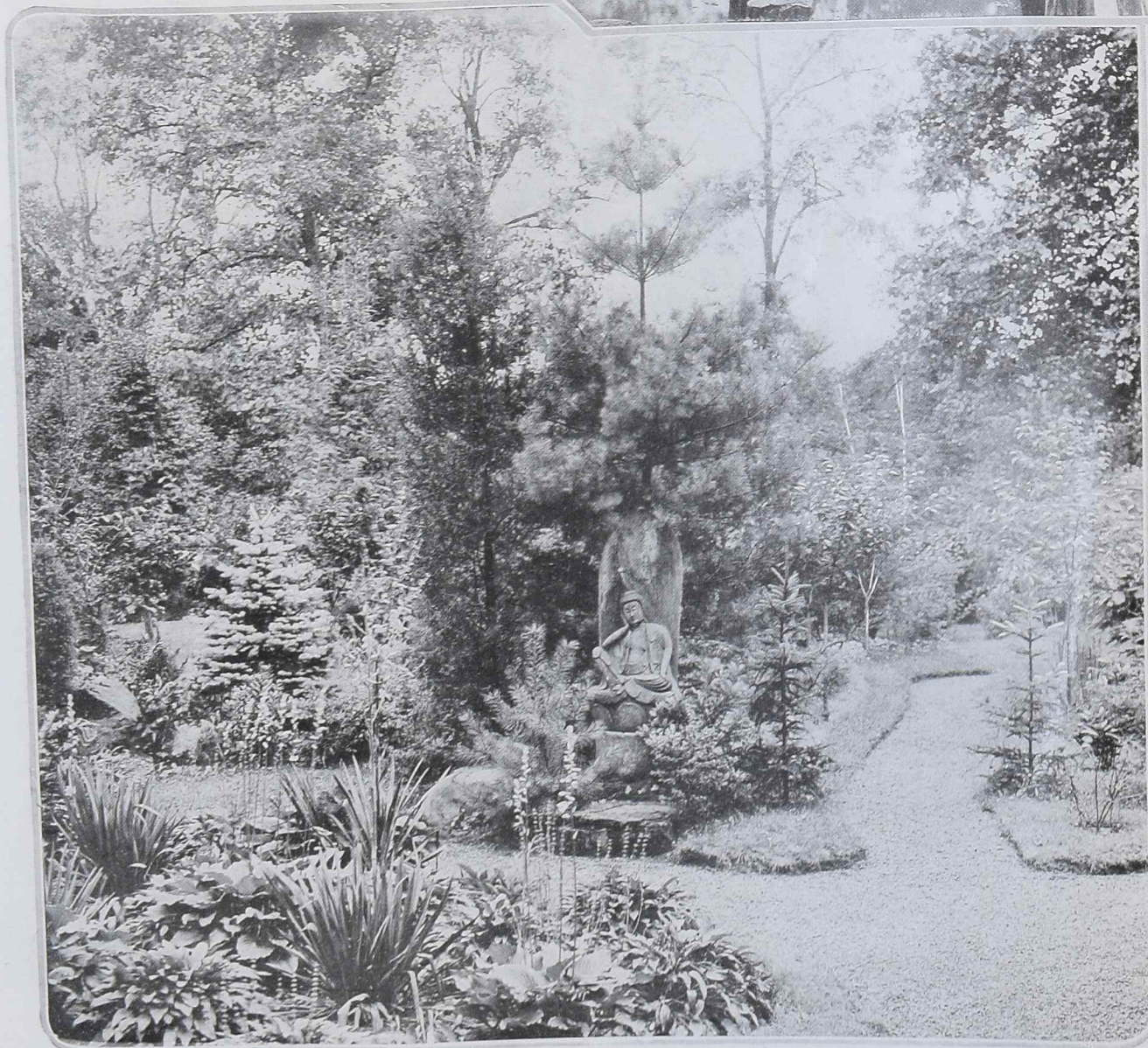
*The Japanese Garden on the Estate of
P. D. Saklatvala, Esq., at Plainfield, N.J.*



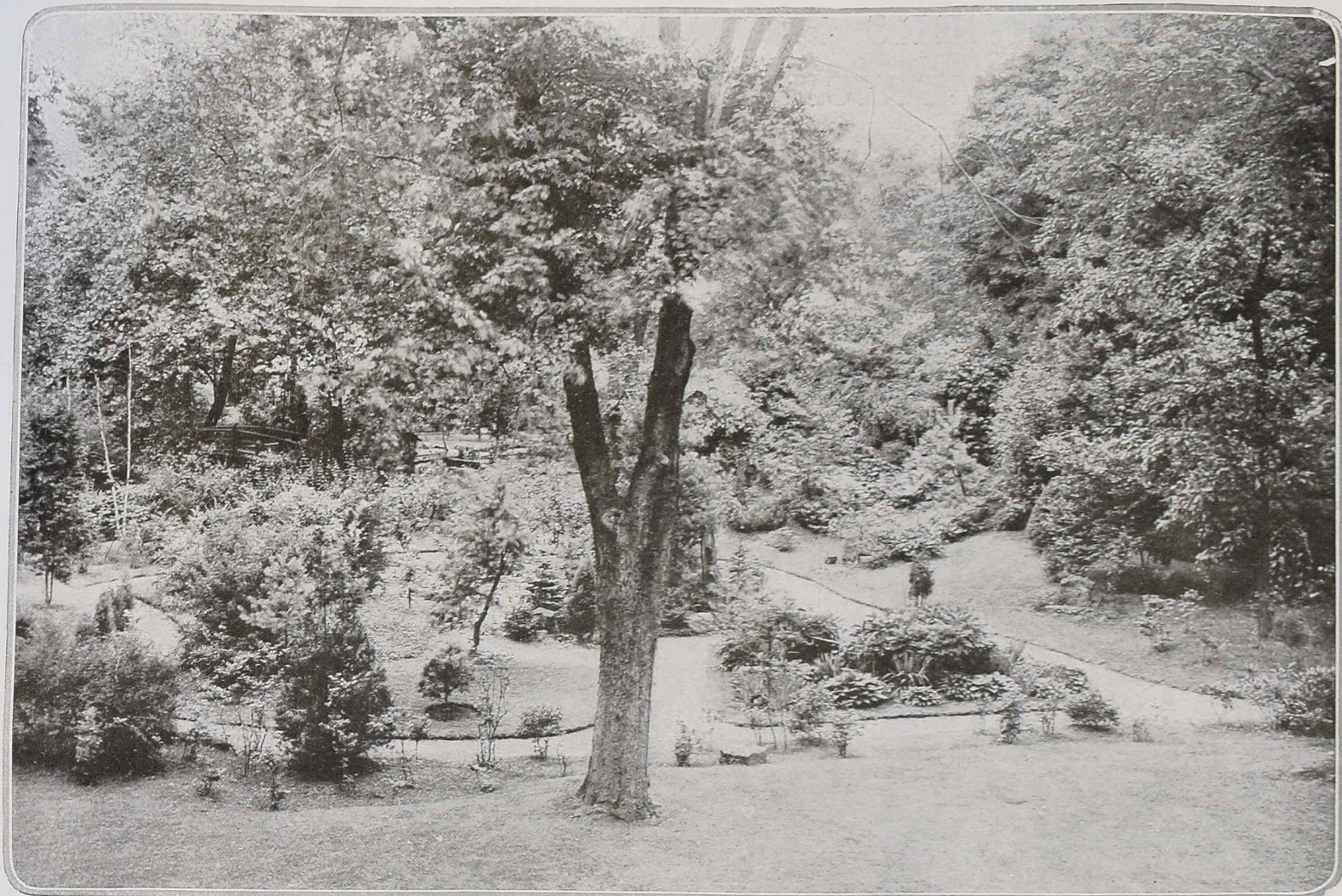
Shobu-no-to, the Iris Teahouse, is at one end of a little pond where goldfish drift indolently about under the watchful eye of a bronze crane. Through a wistaria covered pergola the path from the teahouse crosses a stone bridge to Matsu Yuma, the Pine Tree Hill



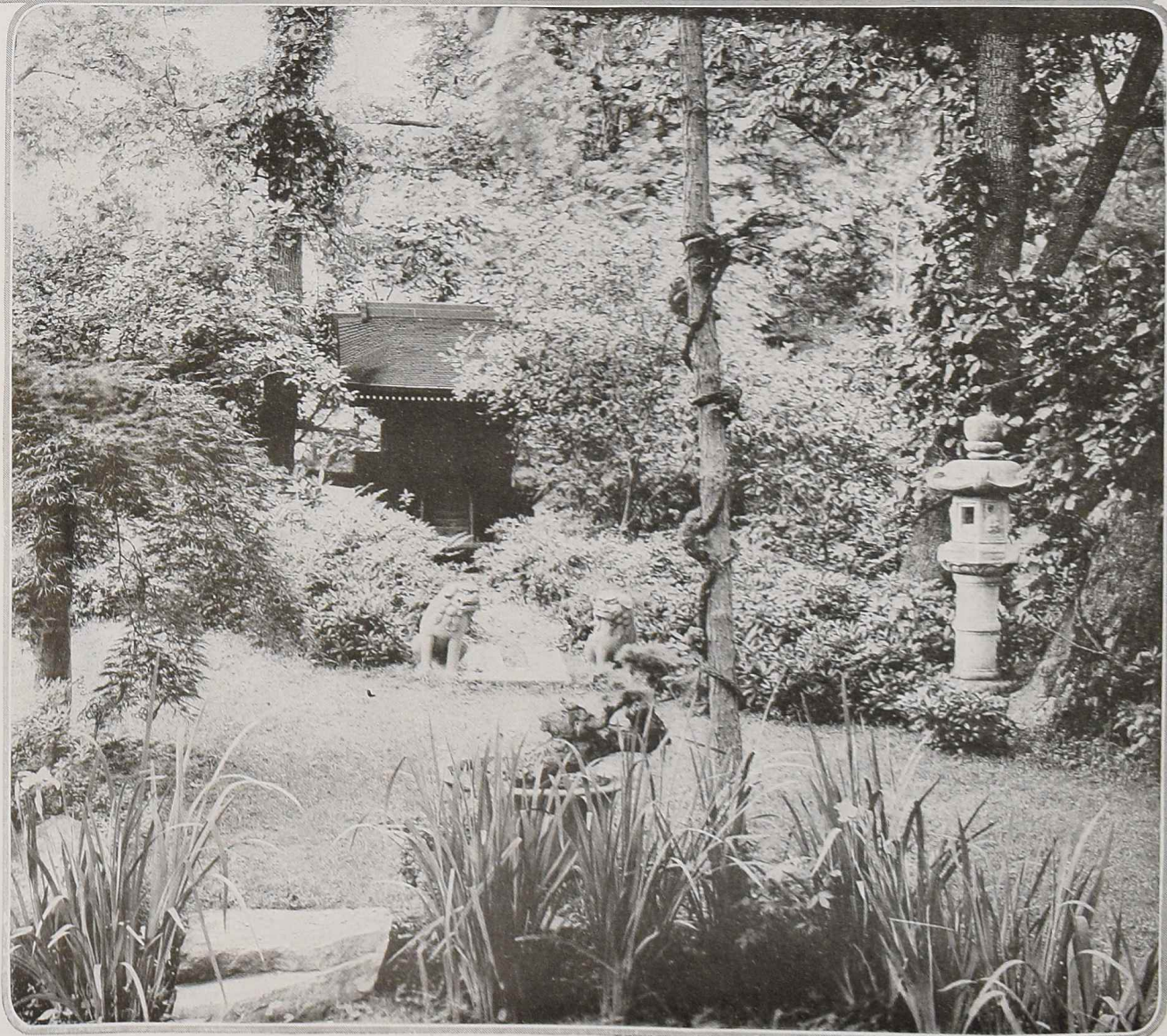
From the teahouse one looks out in one direction to the dense shade of trees, and in the other to a sunny open where water, rock and stump lend contrast to the iris and little pine trees at the right



No less a personage than Mary Pickford herself has posed in worship before the statue of Buddha, a tribute at once to the genuineness of the 220-year-old figure and to the perfect reproduction of the Japanese atmosphere



The effects obtained would indicate a genuinely old garden, although as a matter of fact the whole development is relatively recent. A bit of the curved bridge may be seen in the left background

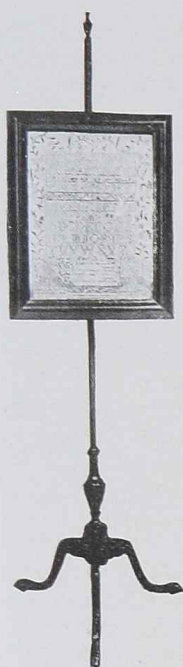


Two antique stone Fu dogs guard a shrine hidden among dwarf rhododendrons, mountain laurel and ferns. A stone lantern and moss monkeys in the trees help give a character typical of old Nippon

SAMPLERS and NEEDLEWORK of the AMERICAN COLONIAL DAYS

*Their Designs and Inscriptions Record Their Own
History and Guide the Collector in Her Choice*

M. H. NORTHEND



A memorial sampler used as fire-screen. Embroidered by Lucy Gould in 1803

The revival of old-time cross stitch and the coming into vogue of the 20th Century sampler worked out to meet modern themes has brought into the limelight many hidden bits of 17th Century needlework, much of which is exquisite in design and workmanship. The origin of this movement can be traced back for more than two hundred and fifty years. We can well imagine the worker of these dainty stitches becoming fascinated in her handiwork as from the Orient, France, Italy and Spain trophies were sent to her relating to important events in the wars.

Samplers as Pictures

When our country was young many of these specimens were hung on parlor walls together with heraldic coats of arms. In those days pictures were a rarity, needlework taking their place, exhibited proudly as specimens of the worker's skill. Printing being expensive, many of these samplers were designed with mottoes and memorials of important events. This gives them a definite place in history.

To the collector they are a never-ending source of delight. They picture the educational austerity of Colonial days. In these faded, almost illegible records of the past, we find quaint and lugubrious verses almost as gruesome as those shown on the headstones in old burying grounds.

The working of a sampler was by no means a thing to be entered upon lightly, since it was designed to be passed down to posterity as the proof of the ability of its maker. Often



The purely pictorial embroidery generally represents outdoor scenes or figures. This example is in the original maple frame

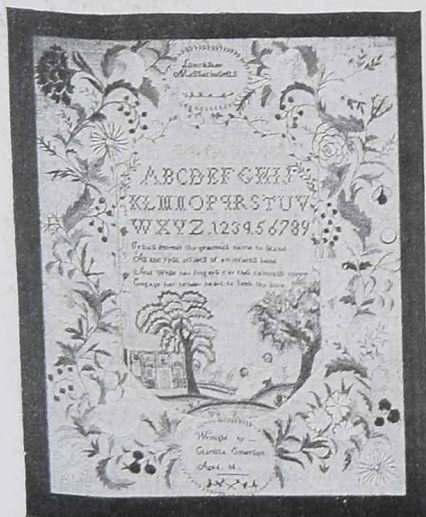
were they wrought by clever and skillful women who took great care and used discriminating taste in their formation.

Our grand dames were noted needlewomen. The art was taught in school, it being considered as much a part of education as the three "R's," and one afternoon each week was set apart for instructing both boys and girls in the craft. It was not a fad, but a necessity. In those days both men and women wore hand-embroidered trimmings. This took the form of ruffled shirts that showed copious embroidery and curious stitches with open seams, the designs being copied from samplers, for books of design were scarce and families had to preserve them on samplers.

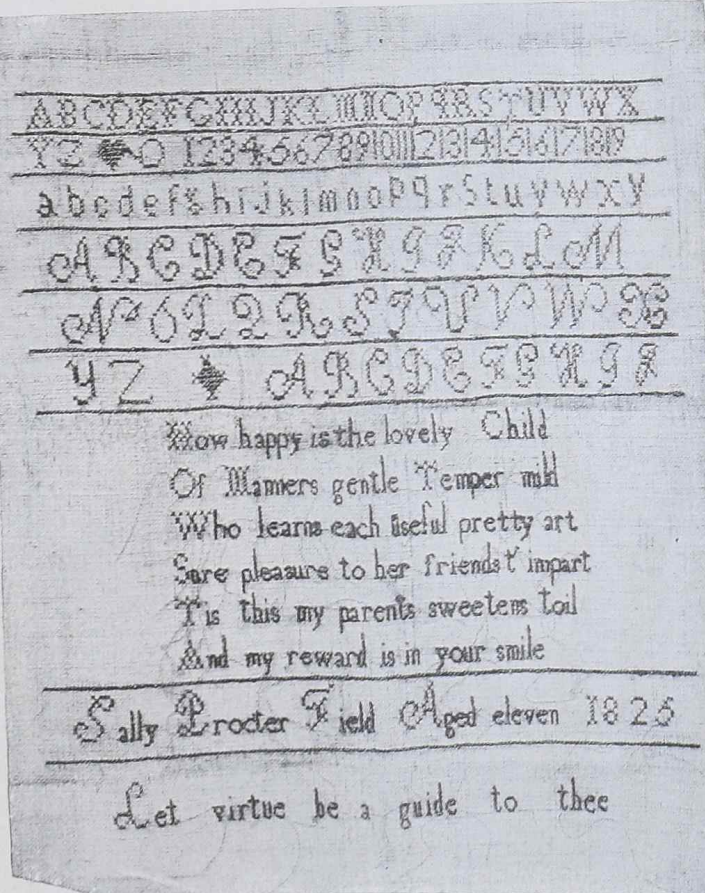
Personal adornment was not the only thing that demanded its use for there was linen to be marked and numbered for identification. The task was assigned to expert needlewomen, and it was this that produced the ornamental letters such as we frequently find on old-time samplers.

Sampler Shapes

The shape varied, being either square or oblong, for the looms of the 17th Century produced very narrow widths of linen. These were used either bleached or unbleached as the worker desired. They differed in firmness, ranging from the coarse canvas-like material to a fine, closely woven texture resembling pillow case linen. About 1725 broader linen came into vogue, thus giving greater scope for originality, and towards the end of the 18th Century, was replaced by an ugly moth-attracting

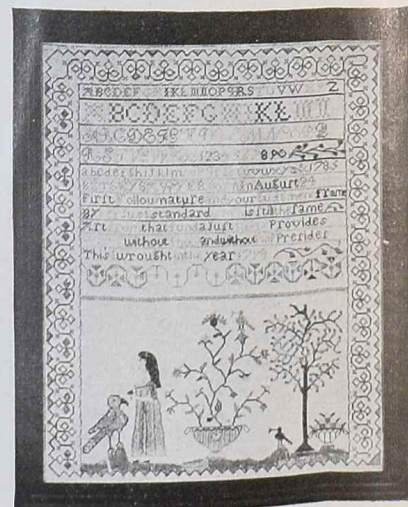


A large sampler worked by Clarissa Emmerton, aged 14. Bless her! She did beautiful work on the border



Sally Procter Field, aged eleven, embroidered her sampler at the Dames School in Salem. It is a typical sampler with the edifying admonition at the bottom which marks the work of this period

Betsy Sawyer in 1798 finished her stint, embroidering a quaint lady with birds which look remarkably futuristic



A firescreen sampler once in the possession of President John Quincy Adams

material commonly known as tammy cloth, bolling cloth, and sampler canvas.

The Stitches

The stitches used are cross stitch, tent, and bird's eye, while for borders, satin stitch and French knots were used, as they made less angular outlines in floral design. The oldest samplers show linen thread only, while silk and wool were used later on. Perhaps the most interesting stitch was known as cushion stitch, for the reason it was first used in embroidering church kneeling cushions. This must not be confused with the tapestry or goebelin stitch. In 1784 double cross stitch was used, also laid stitch as some baskets on a sampler dated 1818 will show.

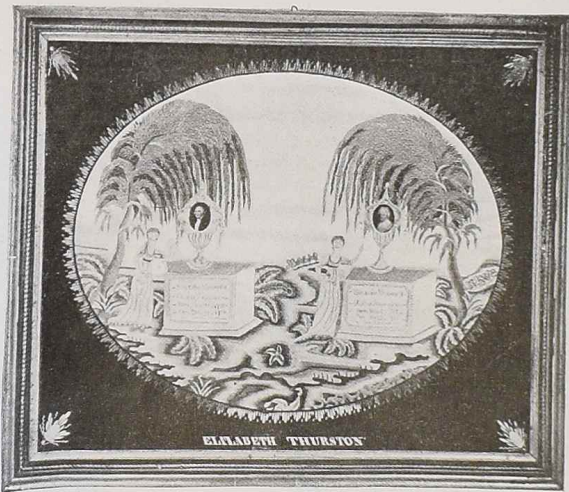
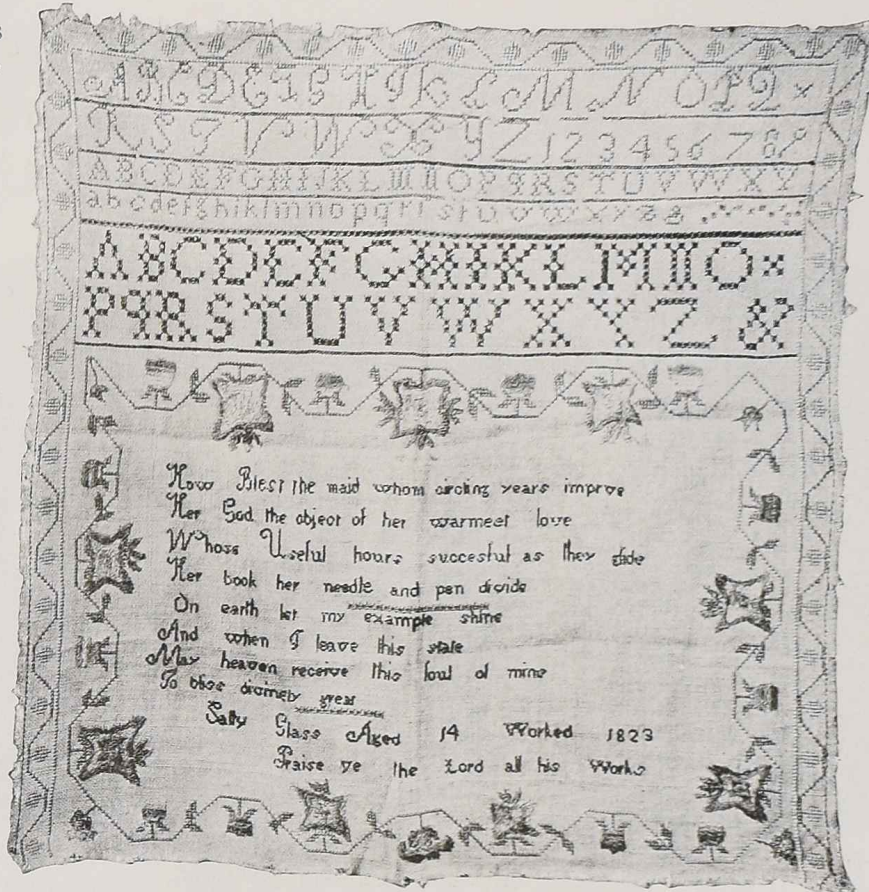
The designs were not English but gathered from every part of the globe. For the first one hundred and fifty years these were carefully followed out, the colors being soft shades of green, pink, blue and brown. Then the workers be-

gan to fashion their own thoughts on canvas, using more brilliantly colored silks.

To Determine Age

The age may be determined by knowledge of the designs and ornaments used at certain periods. The earliest were merely records of different stitches used in embroidering, to be enlarged later by those designed for use and beauty. These were signed and dated, mottoes and texts being introduced later and afterwards verses. Then came the precept worked on canvas with a border. The most common ornamentations were the rose, carnation and wild strawberry. The last is so common that in an exhibit in a small New England town out of thirty shown twelve bore the strawberry vine either as border or dividing line between alphabet and inscription.

In the earlier Georgian period we find deep red and green used, while at the commence-
(Continued on page 84)



Sally Glass, a student at the Dames School in Salem, showed her proficiency in a sampler with the alphabet, a verse, an elevating injunction to praise the Lord, all of which is enclosed in a decorative border



The memorial sampler, while not so common, represents a development in the combination of embroidery and prints. George and Martha Washington are shown in the urns

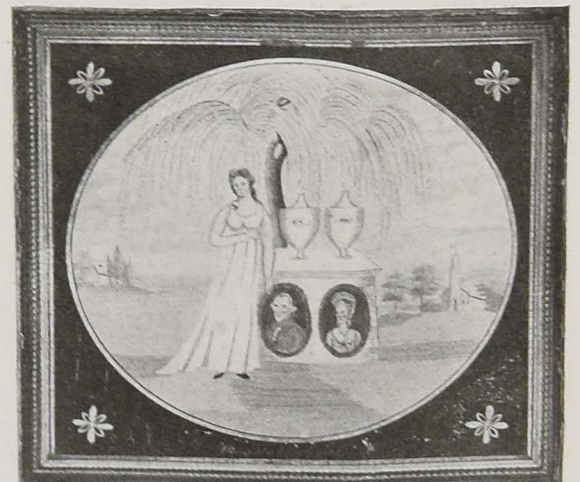


Originally the possession of President John Quincy Adams, this embroidered picture is a sample of petit point embroidery, a rare style of sampler



The material is satin and the flowers are worked in natural colors of silk. Black painted glass sets off the picture. It was used originally as a firescreen

A needlework picture done after a Bartolozzi engraving is finely executed. The colors are brilliant. The glass of the frame is painted black with gilt decorations at the corners of the frame



A needlework "mourning piece", embroidered by Eliza Gould, laments the passing of George and Martha. The inserts are colored "Doolittle" engravings

A COLLECTION of LIVERPOOL WARE

How to Distinguish This China—Its Romantic Past—American Types

H. D. PRICE

INTEREST centres to-day in Liverpool ware, principally on account of its illustrating a certain phase of shipping that was in vogue early in the 18th Century. This is the only pottery made with transfer designs and it pictures not only our early ships but their motives. These were used on pitchers generally finished with a cream white background to bring out more vividly the black or red of the subject shown.

To be sure, there were mugs and an occasional plate or teapot shown, yet the majority designed were large pitchers known as "Watermelon Pitchers," each one with a ship or political illustrations on the exterior.

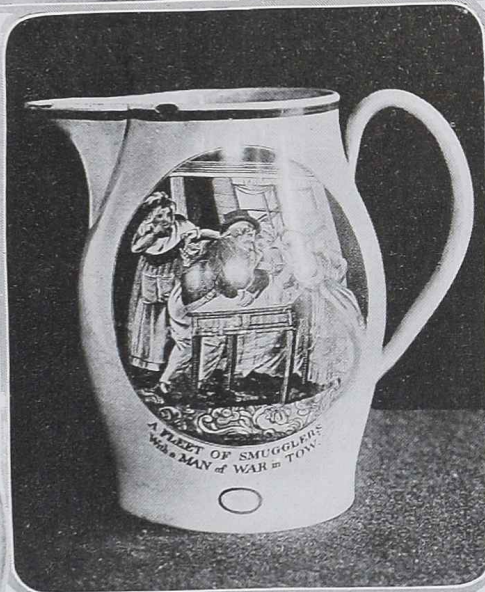
This is the first pottery to be printed with American emblems, a fact that makes it more valuable to collectors. Then, too, it is not an easy matter to acquire the pieces, since they are held in high esteem by the present day descendants of the original owners.

Liverpool, the largest seaport in the world, pursued this industry as early as 1600, making a ware known as Liverpool delft. It was nothing more than an imitation of the Dutch, showing a coarse body smoothed on the face by use of a fine, white clay, ornamented with designs drawn in blue. This was the



Northend

A pitcher made in Liverpool, glorifying Washington



A ship pitcher showing smugglers in secret session was the Liverpool potter's acme of humor

Symbolic pitchers like "Commerce" were popular

had painted them. There is no doubt that this invention revolutionized the decoration of ware.

While the partners were able to keep the secret for many years, thus making prominent potters come to them for decoration of their ware, yet it could not be kept a secret forever. In the division

(Continued on page 84)

The sentimental picture with verse is not common. This type was used as a cup plate



The point which makes these cup plates uncommon is that the ship is shown in the offing



"The Farmers' Arms" is a type of Liverpool pitcher which found popularity among early Americans



Family crests were not unusual on pitchers and sets of china especially manufactured to order



The sentimental pastoral scene was a great favorite with the potters of Liverpool, who varied it in many ways

Un teint frais et naturel
est un don précieux que l'on reçoit en naissant.

Conservez-le afin de rester jeune.

“Vous resterez jeune, Madame,
aussi longtemps que votre teint.”

LA POUDRE NILDÉ



Permet de Posséder *Tou-
jours* un Teint Ayant Toute
la Fraîcheur Naturelle de
la Jeunesse Parce qu'elle
Protège la Peau Contre ses
Ennemis de Tous les
Instants: le Soleil ou le

Foroid, le Vent, la Poussière, la Pluie.
La Poudre Nildé est Vendue dans
une Boîte-Tamis Éléante et Pra-
tique. Le Tamis Évite le Gaspillage
de la Poudre qui se Produit avec les
Boîtes Ordinaires. Il en Règle, de
Façon Automatique, la Distribution
Sur la Houppes Fournie dans Chaque
Boîte, Rendant Aisé ce Poudrage
Invisible qui Donne au Visage
L'Esthétique Rêvée. Il Assure aussi
une Très Grande Économie.

Nuances: Rachel, Naturelle, Blanche, Rose,
Basanée.

PRIX: La petite boîte plate pour le sac;
1^{fr}25; la grande boîte; 3^{fr}75 ainsi
qu'une grande variété de modèles de
luxe: Petit modèle: 4^{fr}50; gran
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(Notice illustrée sur demande.)





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Paper**
[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

is accorded its position because it has character, genuineness and beauty that is recognized by people of good taste

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
New York Pittsfield Mass.

Samplers and Needlework of the American Colonial Days

(Continued from page 81)

ment of the 18th Century every imaginable hue of silk was utilized.

In the early half of the 18th Century it was customary to work out the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and other lengthy manuscripts. Some of these samplers are still in existence. They commemorate religious festivals. At this period animals are often used as decorations and the floral and vegetable kingdoms are represented. Chief among the former was the red and the white rose, the badge of the Tudor King. Until the century was well advanced there was a preference for mottoes, rather than rhymes. About this time we find the age of the worker inscribed in colours, but curiously few designate their birthplace. With the progression in art, maps were used, some of them marvelous specimens of patient proficiency worked in silk, and showing towns and rivers minutely lettered.

THE DARNED SAMPLER

A type of sampler that does not appear in the classification of the three different periods is the "darned" sampler. These probably originated in Germany showing that they were in use earlier than those found in England. They are dated as far back as 1725, and show all kinds of darning stitches used in the mending of linen. The upper half is generally devoted to lettering, showing both capital and small letters done in bright colours, as for instance, one in the possession of a Salem family has a black alphabet separated by red and blue peacock lines, figures in baby blue, name in black. Between each row there is generally a pattern shown varying in design. The central feature has the name of the worker, date of birth, and period when the embroidery was completed. Below is a floral decoration, sometimes a vivid urn growing wonderfully unrealistic plants and flowers, standing on a grassy foundation, while over all flits the busy bee, gathering honey from the silken flowers.

Some of these are remarkable for their beauty of workmanship or rarity of design, as for instance, an exquisite picture known as "petit point embroidery" that belonged to President John Adams shown in the sampler exhibition in Boston in 1913. This is embroidered on cream satin and protected by a handsome inlaid frame set on a standard.

Samplers were not the only things used for firescreens, often decorative needlework took their place or, as it is generally known, tapestry embroidery, some of which were in imitation of the

coloured engravings so common in that period. While it has no specific date as do samplers, yet we know that there are no pieces in existence earlier than the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Under the patronage of royalty needlework became a hobby, taking its place by the side of the sampler. So fashionable did this work become that in the early 19th Century and even before it was advertised in the daily papers as a part of school instruction and the pupils were informed that "they could be educated in a genteel manner and with care taken to teach them proper behavior and needlework on reasonable terms."

THE MEMORIAL

Very rarely do we find what is known as the memorial sampler, with a sentiment worked out and shown by an urn with weeping willows in either corner. The central feature is this motto,

"Earthly cavern to thy keeping,
We commit Eliza's dust,
Keep it safely softly sleeping,
Till the Lord demands the trust."

One memorial known as an embroidered "mourning piece" was wrought by one Eliza Gould. The inserts were coloured "Doolittle" engravings, which are very valuable. They are of George and Martha Washington on the same urn, original glass and frame, the latter being of twisted rope.

There is a second memorial differing in character which is equally interesting. It represents two tombs on each of which stands an urn, one with an insert of George and the other of Martha Washington, both of which are painted instead of being embroidered. The needlework is very fine and it shows the original glass and frame.

While embroidery reached its zenith in the 16th Century, yet it was a favourite occupation both in early Colony days and in the second and third period of our country's history.

NOTED SAMPLER COLLECTIONS

One of the two most noted collections of samplers is to be found at the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts. It was executed by Ann Glover, the first wife of Governor John Endicott. As they landed on the shores of Massachusetts in 1628 and she died the following year, it is supposed to be the oldest on record in the country. The second is at Plymouth Hall, Plymouth, and was designed by Loara Standish, daughter of Miles Standish.

A Collection of Liverpool Ware

(Continued from page 82)

of work each man followed his own style. Sadler chose pastoral subjects with dainty rustic scenery and wonderful foliage. Green, on the contrary, designed Oriental groups with a framework of fantastic furniture.

NEW COLOURS AND DESIGNS

In 1678 black and red were the only colours printed, but after Sadler's retirement, in 1772, Green's management made a great change. The colouring improved, the subjects were finer and better illustrations were given. During the period following the Revolutionary War outline work originated, the patterns being filled in by young girls employed for this purpose. Then the designs also changed, shells and sea weeds being used, followed by Crests and Coats of Arms which became very popular with the nobility.

We find mention of dinner and dessert services which were used about the

middle of the 18th Century, one of which had landscape patterns different in every dish. So fashionable did they become that "fifty" dinner and dessert services, chiefly pierced with gilt, were sent to Amsterdam at one time. The sharpness of this decoration was due to the ink used.

AMERICAN TRADE

Later on Richard Chaffers, one of Shaw's apprentices, designed delft ware for the purposes of exporting it to America. His ambition was to rival Wedgwood both in grace and artistic quality of his work. While he failed in his undertaking yet his output was better than that of any other of the Liverpool Potters. Seth Pennington was another artistic potter who grew so interested in this art that he removed to Worcester, and while there one of his sons painted a dinner service on order for the Duke of York.

WAR INTERESTS ABSORB NEW YORK

(Continued from page 48)

grown-ups, and children—and a street-cleaner. He isn't a particularly prepossessing street-cleaner; he isn't young, and his clothes aren't very fresh, and no one would ever pick him out as a model of efficiency even in street-cleaning, but he is absorbedly interested. He watches the aeroplanes and the soldiers lined up along the curb. He watches the Ninth Coast Artillery across the street and the dapper Italian officer at his left, and over and over again he sees them salute.

Once more down the Avenue comes the sound of muffled drums. Comes the creak and rumble of a gun caisson, draped in the stars and stripes with an officer's fatigue cap atop; and behind comes a horse draped in black with boots reversed, dangling in the stirrups. The civilians bare their heads, the soldiers stand sharply at salute, and the old street-cleaner, his brush clasped firmly in his left hand, raises his right hand awkwardly to his soiled white cap. Through the street of the city which once honoured and once rejected him, passes the body of John Purroy Mitchel, ex-mayor of New York, brilliant young American, and gallant soldier.

Just behind comes perhaps the most distinguished collection of men who have ever passed on foot up Fifth Avenue, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, walking like a youth, Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, Governor Charles S. Whitman, former mayor George B. McClellan, Gaston Liebert, the French Consul-General, C. Yada, the Consul-General of Japan, Colonel Edward M. House, personal representative of President Wilson, Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, Lieutenant-General Lord George Wellesley, of the British Army, President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, Mr. Elihu Root, and scores of other well-known figures. John Mitchel's friends are also there, the men who had been with him at college and the men who had worked with him in office, while those who had trained like him for the great fight, circle and whirl above, dropping flowers gathered that morning from the large estates near the training grounds, the summer homes of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Robert Bacon, Mr. John S. Phipps, and Mrs. Charles Steele.

And now the pageant vanishes. The last slow marching figure disappears down the vista of the Avenue. The ranks of soldiers along the curb break and march away, the bands playing their merriest tunes, after the manner of military bands when a funeral is over. The crowds scatter, and the sun streams down upon the Avenue, gleaming in at the windows of the dwellings and the clubs.

But a long long time from now, when all the pageantry of war has passed and on Fifth Avenue neither bands nor marching men disturb the women who shop and the children who walk with their nursemaids and the men who stroll leisurely to and from their clubs, people will still recall those swooping aeroplanes and the long line of khaki-clad figures drawn up along the curb, and they will remember New York's youngest mayor who gave to his city freely and who gave to his country all that man can give. For in those days there will be traditions, valued highly, as things which cost us dear are always valued.

* * *

Just at present, aviation and aviators are completely absorbing the attention of every one. At the outdoor social events of the season, the fliers in the sky have invariably so completely outshone every effort at entertainment which has been made in the field, as to make the latter seem almost absurd. Taking this fact into consideration, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Schiff arranged on their estate at Oyster Bay an aviation fête at which nothing would detract from interest in the aeroplanes. In the intervals between the sham battle and the manoeuvres of the aviators there was, however, amusement in the gaily awninged tent where, with other professional entertainers, Private Irving Berlin sang his newest song treating of his intention to "Kill the Bugler" and explaining how he is going to do the job thoroughly and "kill the man who wakes the bugler up."

The day was clear and bright, and a large and interesting group of people were in attendance. Military men were much in evidence, their uniforms forming an effective foil for the summer frocks

(Continued on page 86)



A young woman, seen at the Aviation Fête, wore a smart white linen skirt with a hand-blocked design done in black



Mrs. Charles H. Senf wears a soft summer wrap consisting of five flounces of pink mauve chiffon cloth and ecru lace

"America's Leading Furriers"



FINER FURS NOW DEMANDED

Not as an extravagance of society, nor as a whim, but in the line of *actual conservation* in the midst of war time conditions.

The demand of women whose example leads the fashion has sprung up anew for such fur as Alaskan Seal, Russian Sables and Mink—those furs whose richness is accompanied by unusual *durability* and *serviceability*.

As their husbands are "looking ahead" to business conditions and future scarcities of materials, so observant women are "looking ahead" in their purchases of furs.

Always showing our exclusive models in a commanding range of new and original effects, our Fall creations in these fine furs surpass those of all former years.

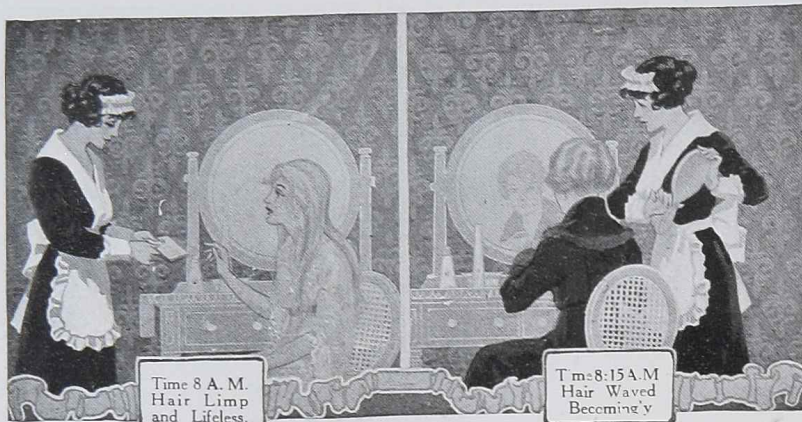
The Fall and Winter collection now being shown will be of unusual interest to women visiting New York

JAECKEL & SONS INC.

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Time 8 A.M.
Hair Limp
and Lifeless.

Time 8:15 A.M.
Hair Waved
Becomingly

"My Hair Is Always Wavy"

My friends think my hair is naturally wavy. But it isn't, nor do I patronize the hairdresser. I just slip on a few West Electric Hair Curlers before dressing and by the time my hair is ready to "do up" it has a beautiful, soft wave which lasts all through the day and evening.



are really wonderful. They work entirely without heat; can be put on in a minute, and require no attention while attached. They are made of one piece of electrified steel with no sharp corners or edges. Will not break nor injure the hair in any way.

Over Fifty Million in Daily Use

They are a real economy. Each one guaranteed to last a life time. Buy a set and try them.

Card of Two—10c

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On sale everywhere at all good stores, or we will supply you direct if you will send your Dealer's name, enclosing the price in either stamps or money.

"Guide to Hair Dressing at Home" sent free with every order for card of curlers.

West Electric Hair Curler Company

146 Columbia Ave.,

Philadelphia, Pa.

Also Manufacturers of The West Stocking Shields



Rose colour and dark blue chiffon made the costume worn by Miss Katherine Mackay and cream net made that of Miss Ellin at the opening of a war picture

WAR INTERESTS ABSORB NEW YORK

(Continued from page 85)

and bright sports clothes of the women. Quite an unusual frock of sheer white organdie, so long that it almost touched the ground, was worn by Mrs. Sidney Fish and topped with a picture hat of soft white chiffon. Mrs. Fish was accompanied all the afternoon by a strenuous Scotch terrier straining at his leash. With her, during the major part of the afternoon, was Miss Leonie Burrill who wore a white flannel skirt and a white wool slip-on sweater above which the collar of her boyish blouse was held in place by a black four-in-hand tie. Her tam-o'-shanter was of black straw, and her white oxfords were tipped with black.

One of the smartest costumes of the afternoon was worn by Mrs. William Erhart. Her gown of soft white crêpe had an embroidered panel front and back edged with a narrow ball trimming, and she wore a large gracefully drooping black hat with a large cluster of white flowers at the front and the top of the crown. She is photographed with Mrs. Harry La Montagne and Mrs. Harry Duryea, the latter wearing one of the figured silk frocks which are very smart this season. Mrs. Herbert Harriman, wearing a dress of blue and white foulard, is photographed with Captain Herbert Lawrence before the entrance of the Schiff house.

OUR LITTLEST ALLIES

(Continued from page 51)

Moselle, from which Prefect Mirman had appealed for help. The Asile Caserne du Luxembourg, near Toul, was opened by the French authorities in co-operation with the American Red Cross. The same Children's Bureau in co-operation with the American Fund for French Wounded has since established a hospital at the Asile and a dispensary service which treats the children of near-by towns. At Nancy a group of traveling dispensaries have their headquarters, and at Lunéville a small hospital and dispensary have been equipped. For the children at Nesle there is a hospital with a clinic and a traveling dispensary carrying a doctor, nurse, and medicine to the villages near-by.

All of the pitiful little child prisoners who are sent back from Germany by way of Switzerland are received at Evian by Red Cross doctors and nurses. During last November and December nearly fourteen thousand of these children passed through Evian and were examined and provided for by the Red Cross. For this purpose the American Children's Hospital was established there, and, in addition, a medical dispensary, a dental dispensary, and a cottage for orphans on their way to other institutions.

The Château des Halles, and Le Glandier are still other places where these tiny refugees are cared for by the Red Cross, relatively safe from bombs and German gas attacks. At Le Glandier, which was inaugurated in collaboration with a personal representative from the Queen of the Belgians, one thousand delicate and under-nourished Belgian children are being treated.

In Paris there are four dispensaries operated by the Children's Bureau and two more in which doctors from the Bureau hold regular clinics. The Bureau also supplements the scanty lunches of several thousand children whose mothers are away from home at work during the day, with nourishing food from America and gives a *gouter*—that favourite mid-

afternoon meal—to two thousand other children.

Just how desperate is the need is illustrated by a little incident which an American girl writes from Paris. It happened on a certain afternoon when three young American girls returned from the war zone to their own apartment, bringing with them twenty-six tired and dirty refugee babies—and arriving just in time to greet two well-known and popular American captains who had come to tea.

The captains were anxious to be of use in this moment of real need and offered their services. Could they be of any assistance to these young women who were already tired and worn and were facing another journey in the morning?

"Of course you can," said the blonde one. "You can wash the babies."

"Wash the babies," shouted one captain, "but, good God, there are twenty-six."

"Yes, just twenty-six," said the persistent blonde. "Why not?"

There seemed to be no answer to this, and so two very earnest expectant officers were ushered into the bathroom, given soap, brushes, towels, and much hot water—and, one by one, twenty-six smiling, wondering, or screaming babies were carefully and thoroughly scrubbed by these two dignified Army men, one an authority on Army supplies, as well as a well-known expert on dogs and horses, the other a man who probably saves more for the United States Government in buying shrewdly and wisely than any other one person in the service.

Three hours later a couple of weary but pleased captains rolled down their sleeves, put on their well-cut coats, and walked forth into the spring sunshine. They had never bathed anything but an Airedale before, but they were pleased with themselves, pleased with those babies, and pleased to think that they had done just a little for the future soldiers of France.

ELSIE JANIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 57)

and that the names were chosen by popular selection "because they represent women whose popularity and patriotism are unquestionable."

One of the tributes which pleased her particularly was the poem printed on page 57 and the letter which it brought from the author.

The reply to Miss Janis' request for a copy of this poem, "speaks for itself," as she says.

Tours, France,
May 22, 1918.

DEAR MISS JANIS:

Dr. Parks of the Y here in Tours told me that you wanted of me a copy of those lines I wrote to you while you were treating us here. I am enclosing a copy. Please take it seriously—I doubt if you take yourself seriously enough.

While I am writing to you, I want to tell you something funny. That poem got me a pie. It is more of a compliment to you than to me. I showed it one evening here, in a little café, to a Q. M. because he had seen you and was raving about you. He made me give him the copy I had. He happened to be a cook, and he said he would make me a pie. He said if I would come around to the back door of the kitchen, he would pass it out. I did, and he did. It was really a wonderful pie—a work of art. He took

great pains and a great pride in making it. It was like we used to get back home. It was just a case of one artist honouring another who worked in a different medium. (I had expressed in words the admiration for you that he felt and could not express.) It is droll—a poem to you and a pie to me. The pie made me a little bit sick. I hope the poem did not make you sick.

Dr. Parks said to me, too, that you might give me a photograph, signed. But I want more than that of you. I want two. I want to keep one here to say my prayers to, and the other I want to send across the seas to my brother. You understand. I ask this because I love my brother more than I do my life. He is a fine chap, a song-writer, an expert tennis-player, and about the best wing-shot in America. I think he is a captain now, and he may be over here before this letter reaches you, but I want to try and send it to him anyway. You know, perhaps, these photographs would be sacred things to us and would be guarded in our family for a thousand years. You might scribble on Harry's "Hello Harry," or something like that.

Very respectfully and very sincerely yours,

ANDREW ARMSTRONG,
A. E. F., A. P. C., 717.

A TON OF MILK A DAY

(Continued from page 55)

new faces to be given them. For them milk is the only possible hope.

It seems almost too good to be true that we can actually send milk to France. Not just the money to buy it, (that wouldn't do any good, for there is almost none to buy) but real milk scientifically prepared by a rapid evaporating process which kills every germ and preserves all the nutritive solids in dry powdered form. It's made from the very best milk to be had—the fresh, pure, full-cream variety that suggests blue berries and Devonshire and strawberry shortcake,—and it will keep for months without ice. Then, when the can is opened and hot water added, it turns again into the frothy delicious beverage it used to be. It has the approval of Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, Health Commissioner of the State of New York, Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Head of the Child Hygiene Bureau of the New York City Health Department, Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, Child Specialist, and an impressive list of French physicians. And it only costs thirteen cents to buy a quart and send it all the way to a little sick child in France. Two dollars and sixty cents will send five pounds, and fifty-two dollars will send a hundred pounds. The committee for Free Milk for France hopes to send a ton of powdered milk a day, and a ton will make eight thousand, four hundred quarts of liquid milk.

The French government provides transportation across the ocean and throughout France, so the only expense is the original cost and the shipping at this end. This work is done by the Committee for Free Milk for France, with Miss Josephine Osborn as Chairman, Mrs. Warren McConihe as Vice-chairman, and Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas as Ex-

ecutive Chairman of the New York Committee. Mrs. McConihe has been in France four times since the beginning of the war and has served as a nurse at Janson de Saily, a hospital devoted to the care of the seriously wounded. It was the sight of terrible suffering which might often have been relieved by a little milk, which caused Mrs. McConihe to urge the organization of this Committee on her return. Members of the Committee are Mrs. Gordon Auchincloss, Mrs. Robert Low Bacon, Mrs. Bernard Baruch, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mrs. James A. Burden, junior, Mrs. E. C. Chadbourne, Mrs. Stephen C. Clark, Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Miss Rachel Crothers, Mrs. George Ethridge, Mrs. John H. Iselin, Mlle. Madeleine Liebert, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, Miss Caroline L. Morgan, Mrs. Frederick Patterson, Mrs. Spencer Penrose, Mrs. Frank Hunter Potter, Mrs. William Thaw, third, Mrs. Joseph B. Thomas, Mrs. Alvin Untermyer, Mrs. Alfonso Villa, and Mrs. Whitney Warren. Madame Ferdinand Foch is Chairman of the French Committee, and the Princess de Poix, who is devoting all her time to war work in France, is Vice-chairman.

The Committee for Free Milk for France asks you to *think*. It asks you to think of the hospitals in France where there is no milk; of the devastated districts where there are old people and sick people and little children, but no cows; of the babies who are the future of France. If you will think, there can be no doubt that you will give, and the hoped-for daily ton of milk will go to France to relieve the suffering of those who sacrificed so much for the cause of democracy.



STYLE



STYLE is that subtle sense felt in those hats which, while maintaining the vagaries selected by the world's greatest designers, still are suited to the wearer's own personality.

Fiskhats
MADE IN U.S.A.

are shown in such a variety of shapes and trimming—each of the finest quality and workmanship—that for every type of face, every sort of personality, there is a style that is fitting.

Shown only by the better milliners

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CHICAGO

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—the most *becoming* hat is often the one which fits you badly! Or you find that you have to do your hair a certain way to make it fit.

There is an easy way to find a hat that will *always* fit you under *all* conditions.

Look for a hat lined with the "Pullastic" Adjustable Hat Lining, which adjusts to *any* head size and makes *any* hat fit *any* head with perfect comfort, at *any* fashionable angle—no matter *how* you arrange your hair.



You also can buy a separate "Pullastic" Lining in individual envelopes to make all your hats fit better. They tack in with half a dozen stitches. Pullastic Hat Linings cost from 25c to 50c at the Millinery or Notion Department of the better stores.

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wherever snap fasteners are used*

WHEN you use Wilsnaps you know—when you reach up your arm to fasten your dress—that Wilsnaps *will snap*—and stay fastened.

Prove it to yourself as so many have done. Have rust-proof Wilsnaps sewed on all your garments. Wilsnaps may be used with security on your heavy materials—the Wilsnap spring holds. Wilsnaps may be used on the sheerest, daintiest fabrics—the Wilsnap spring opens at a touch. Wilsnaps are certain. Wilsnaps are sure. Wilsnaps—always Wilsnaps wherever snap fasteners are used.

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10c everywhere

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Red Cross! It needs you.